THE ALCHEMIST.

VVritten
by
BEN. IONSON.

——Neque, me vt miretur turba, laboro:
Contentus paucis lectoribus.

LONDON,
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*, for *Walter Burre*,
and are to be sold by *Iohn Stepneth*, at the
West-end of Paules.
1612.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Middle-Gate of Paules.

To the Lady, most æquall with vertue,
and her Blood:
The Grace, and Glory of women.

MARY
LA: WROTH.

Madame,

IN the Age of Sacrifices, the truth of Religion was not in the greatnes, and fat of the Offrings, but in the deuotion, and zeale of the Sacrificers: Else, what could a handful of Gummes haue done in the sight of a *Hecatombe*? Or how, yet, might a gratefull minde be furnish'd against the iniquitie of *Fortune*; except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart it selfe? A way found out, to ouercome euen those, whom *Fortune* hath enabled to returne most, since they, yet leaue themselues more. In this assurance am I planted; and stand with those af-

 fections

fections at this Altar, as ſhall no more auoide the light and witneſſe, then they doe the conſcience of your vertue. If what I offer beare an acceptable odour, & hold the firſt ſtrength: It is your valew, that remembers, where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Otherwiſe, in theſe times, there comes rarely forth that thing, ſo full of authoritie, or example, but by daylineſſe and cuſtome, growes leſſe, and looſes. But this, ſafe in your iudgement (which is a *Sidneys*) is forbidden to ſpeake more; leaſt it talke, or looke like one of the ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they paint, are the leſſe themſelues.

Your La:

true honorer.

Ben. Ionſon.

TO THE READER.

IF thou beest more, thou art an Vnderstander, and then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st vp, and but a Pretender, beware at what hands thou receiu'st thy commoditie; for thou wert neuer more fair in the way to be cosned (then in this Age, in Poetry, *especially in Playes: wherein, now, the Concupiscence of Iygges, and Daunces so raigneth, as to runne away from Nature, and be afraid of her, is the onely point of art that tickles the* Spectators. *But how out of purpose, and place, doe I name Art? when the Professors are growne so obstinate contemners of it, and presumers on their owne Naturalls, as they are deriders of all diligence that way, and, by simple mocking at the termes, when they vnderstand not the things, thinke to get of wittily with their Ignorance. Nay, they are esteem'd the more learned, and sufficient for this, by the Multitude, through their excellent vice of iudgement. For they commend Writers, as they doe Fencers, or Wrastlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put for it with a great deale of violence, are receiu'd for the brauer fellowes: when many times their owne rudenesse is the cause of their disgrace, and a little touch of their Aduersary giues all that boisterous force the foyle. I deny not, but that these men, who alwaies seeke to doe more then inough, may some time happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent, because all is sordide, and vile about it: as lights are more discern'd in a thick darknesse, then a faint shadow. I speake not this, out of a hope to doe good on any man, against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs, and mine, the worse would finde more suffrages:*

because the most fauour common errors. But I giue thee this warning, that there is a great difference betweene those, that (to gain the opinion of Copie) vtter all they can, how euer vnfitly; and those that vse election, and a meane. For it is onely the disease of the vnskilfull, to thinke rude things greater then polish'd: or scatter'd more numerous then compos'd.

To my friend, Mr. *Ben: Ionson.* vpon his *Alchemist.*

A Master, read in flatteries great skill,
Could not passe truth, though he would force his will,
By praising this too much, to get more praise
In his Art, then you out of yours doe raise.
Nor can full truth be vttered of your worth,
Vnlesse you your owne praises doe set forth:
None else can write so skilfully, to shew
Your praise: Ages shall pay, yet still must owe.
All I dare say, is, you haue written well,
In what exceeding height, I dare not tell.

George Lucy.

The Persons of the Comœdie.

SVBTLE. The Alchemist.
FACE. The House-keeper.
DOL: Common. Their Colleague.
DAPPER. A Clearke.
DRVGGER. A *Tabacco*-man.
LOVE-Wit. Master of the House.
EPICVRE MAMMON. A Knight.
SVRLY. A Gamster.
TRIBVLATION. A Pastor of *Amstredam*.
ANANIAS. A Deacon there.
KASTRIL. The Angry Boy.
Da: PLIANT. His sister: A Widdow.
Neighbours.
Officers.
Mutes.

THE ARGVMENT.

T he Sickneſſe hot, A Maſter quit, for feare,
H is Houſe in Towne: and left one Seruant there.
E aſe him corrupted, and gaue meanes to know
A Cheater, and his Punque; who now brought low,
L eauing their narrow practiſe, were become
C os'ners at large: and, onely wanting ſome
H ouſe to ſet vp, with him they here contract,
E ach for a ſhare, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuſe
I n caſting Figures, telling Fortunes, Newes,
S elling of Flyes, flat Bawdry, with the *Stone*:
T ill It, and They, and All in *fume* are gone.

THE PROLOGVE.

FOrtune, *that fauours Fooles, these two short howers*
We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,
Iudging Spectators: *and desire in place,*
To th' Author iustice, to our selues but grace.
Our Scene *is* London, *'cause we would make knowne.*
No Countries mirth is better then our owne.
No Clime breedes better matter, for your Whore,
Baud, Squire, Impostor, many Persons more,
Whose manners, now call'd Humors, feede the Stage:
And which haue still beene Subiect, to the rage
Or spleene of Comick *writers. Though this Pen*
Did neuer ayme to grieue, but better Men;
How e'er the Age, he liues in, doth endure
The vices that she breedes, aboue their cure.
But, when the wholsome remedies are sweet,
And, in their working, Gaine, and Profit meete,
He hopes to finde no spirit so much diseas'd,
But will, with such fayre Correctiues, be pleas'd.
For here, he doth not feare, who can apply.
If there be any, that will sit so nigh
Vnto the streame, to looke what it doth runne,
They shall finde things, they'ld thinke, or wish, were done;
They are so naturall follies: But so showne,
As euen the Doers may see, and yet not owne.

THE ALCHEMIST.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

FACE. SVBTLE. DOL Common.

BEleeu't I will. SVB. Thy worſt. I fart at thee.
DOL. Ha' you your wits? Why Gentlemen! for loue—
FAC. Sirah, I'll ſtrip you—SVB. What to do? licke figs
Out at my—FAC. Rogue, Rogue, out of all your ſleights.
DOL. Nay, look ye! Soueraigne, General, are you Madmen?
SVB. O, let the wild ſheepe looſe. Ile gumme your ſilkes
With good ſtrong water, an' you come. DOL. Will you haue
The neighbours heare you? Will you betray all?
Hearke, I heare ſome body. FAC. Sr ah. SVB. I ſhall marre
All that the Taylor has made, if you approach.
FAC. You moſt notorious whelpe, you inſolent ſlaue,
Dare you doe this? SVB. Yes faith, yes faith. FAC. Why! who
Am I, my Mungrill? Who am I? SVB. I'll tell you,
Since you know not your ſelfe. FAC. Speake lower, Rogue.
SVB. Yes. You were once (time's not long paſt) the good,
Honeſt, plaine, liuerie-three-pound-Thrum; that kept
Your Maiſters worſhips houſe, here, in the *Friers*,
For the vacations. FAC. Will you be ſo loud?
SVB. Since, by my meanes, tranſlated *Suburb*-Captaine.
FAC. By your meanes, Doctor Dog? SVB. Within mans memory,
All this, I ſpeake of. FAC. Why, I pray you, haue I
Beene countenanc'd by you? or you, by me?
Doe but collect, Sr. where I met you firſt.
SVB. I doe not heare well. FAC. Not of this, I thinke it.
But I ſhall put you in minde, Sr. at *Pie-Corner*,
Taking your meale of ſteeme in, from Cookes ſtalls
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walke

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Taking your meale of ſteeme in, from Cookes ſtalls
Where, like the Father of Hunger, you did walke

Piteously costiue, with your pinch'd horne-nose,
And your complexion, of the *Romane* wash,
Stuck full of blacke, and melancholique wormes,
Like poulder cornes, shot, at th'Artillery-yard.
SVB. I wish, you could aduance your voice, a little.
FAC. When you went pinn'd vp, in the seuerall ragges,
Yo'had rak'd, and pick'd from dunghils, before day,
Your feete in mouldy slippers, for your kibes,
A felt of rugg, and a thin thredden cloake,
That scarce would couer your no-buttockes. SVB. So Sr.
FAC. When all your *Alchemye*, and your *Algebra*,
Your *Meteralls*, *Vegetalls*, and *Animalls*,
Your Coniuring, Cosning, and your dosen of Trades
Could not relieue your corps, with so much linnen
Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
I ga'you count'nance, credit for your Coales,
Your Stilles, your Glasses, your *Materialls*,
Built you a Fornace, drew you Customers,
Aduanc'd all your blacke Arts; lent you, beside,
A house to practise in. SVB. Your Masters house?
FAC. Where you haue studied the more thriuing skill
Of Bawdry, since. SVB. Yes, in your Masters house.
You, and the Rats, here, kept possession.
Make it not strange. I know, you were one, could keepe
The Buttry-hatch still lock'd, and saue the chippings,
Sell the dole-beere to *Aqua-vitæ* men,
The which, together with your *Christmasse* vailes,
At Post, and Paire, your letting out of Counters,
Made you a pretty stocke, some twenty markes,
And gaue you credit, to conuerse with cobwebs,
Here, since your Mistresse death hath broke vp house.
FAC. You might talke softlier, Raskall. SVB. No, you *Scarabe*,
I'll thunder you, in peeces. I will teach you
How to beware, to tempt a *Fury* againe
That carries tempest in his hand, and voyce.
FAC. The Place has made you valiant. SVB. No, your Clothes.

Thou

Thou Vermine, haue I tane thee, out of dung,
So poore, so wretched, when no liuing thing
Would keepe thee company, but a Spider, or worse?
Rayſd thee from broomes, and duſt, and watring pots?
Sublim'd thee, and *exalted* thee, and *fix'd* thee
I'the *third region*, the *high ſtate of grace*?
Wrought thee to *ſpirit*, to *quinteſſence*, with paines
Would twiſe haue wonne me the *Philoſophers worke*?
Put thee in words, and faſhion? made thee fit
For more then ordinary fellowſhips?
Giu'n thee thy othes, thy quarrelling dimenſions?
Thy rules, to cheate at horſe-race, cock-pit, cardes,
Dice, or what euer gallant tincture, elſe?
Made thee a Second, in mine owne *great Art*?
And haue I this for thanke? Doe'you rebell?
Doe you flye out, i'the *proiection*?
Would you be gone now? DOL. Gentlemen, what meane you?
Will you marre all? SVB. Slaue, thou hadſt had no Name,
DOL. Will you vndoe your ſelues, with ciuill warre?
SVB. Neuer beene knowne, paſt *Equi Clibanum*,
The heate of horſe-dung, vnder ground, in cellars,
Or an Ale-houſe, darker then deafe *Iohn's*: bene loſt
To all mankinde, but Laundreſſes, and Tapſters, (raigne?
Had not I beene. DOL. Do'you know who heares you, Soue-
FAC. Sr'ah — DOL. Nay Generall, I thought you were ciuill.
FAC. I ſhall turne deſperate, if you grow thus loud.
SVB. And hang thy ſelfe, I care not. FAC. Hang thee, Colliar,
And all thy pots, and pans, in picture I will,
Since thou haſt mou'd me. DOL. ô, this'll ore-throw all.
FAC. Write thee vp Baud, in *Paules*; haue all thy trickes
Of coſning with a hollow cole, duſt, ſcrapings,
Searching for things loſt, with a ſiue, and ſheeres,
Erecting figures, in your rowes of *Houſes*,
And taking in of ſhadowes, with a glaſſe;
Told in red letters: And a face, cut for thee,
Worſe then *Gamaliel Ratſey's*, DOL. Are you ſound?

Ha'you your ſenſes, Maſters? FAC. I will haue
A Booke, but barely reckoning thy Impoſtures,
Shall proue a true *Philoſophers ſtone*, to Printers.
SVB. Away you Trencher-Raskall. FAC. Out you Dog-leach,
The vomit of all priſons —— DOL. Will you be
Your owne deſtructions, Gentlemen? FAC. Still ſpew'd out
For lying too heauy o'the basket. SVB. Cheater.
FAC. Bawd. SVB. Cowherd. FAC. Coniurer. SVB. Cutpurſe. FAC.
Witch. DOL. O me.
We are ruin'd loſt. Ha'you no more regard
To your reputations? Where's your iudgement? Slight,
Haue yet, ſome care of me, o'your *Republique*.
FAC. Away this Brach. I'll bring thee, Rogue, within
The *Statute* of *Sorceriе*, *triceſimo tertio*
Of *Harry* the eight: I and (perhaps) thy neck
Within a nooſe, for laundring gold, and barbing.
DOL. You'll bring your head within a cocks-combe, will you?
And you Sr, with your *Menſtrue*, gather it vp.
S'death you abhominable payre of Stinkards
Leaue off your barking, and grow one againe,
Or, by the light that ſhines, I'll cut your throates.
I'll not be made a prey vnto the *Marſhall*,
For nere a ſnarling Dog-bolt o'you both.
Ha'you together coſſen'd all this while,
And all the world, and ſhall it now be ſaid
Yo'haue made moſt courteous ſhift, to coſſen your ſelues?
You will accuſe him? You will bring him in
Within the *Statute*? Who ſhall take your word,
A whoreſonne, vpſtart; *Apocryphall* Captayne,
Whom not a Puritane, in *Black-Friers*, will truſt
So much, as for a fether? And you, too,
Will giue the cauſe, forſooth? You will inſult,
And clayme a primacie, in the diuiſions?
You muſt be chiefe? as if you, onely, had
The poulder to proiect with? and the worke
Were not begunne out of æqualitie?
The venter *tripartite*? All things in common? Without

Without prioritie? S'death, you perpetuall Curres,
Fall to your couples, againe, and coſſen kindly,
And heartily, and louingly, as you ſhould,
And looſe not the beginning of a *Terme*,
Or, by this hand, I ſhall grow factious too
And, take my part, and quit you. FAC. Tis his fault,
He euer murmures, and obiects his paines,
And ſayes, the weight of all lies vpon him.
SVB. Why ſo it do's. DAL. How does it? Doe not we
Suſtaine our parts? SVB. Yes, but they are not æquall.
DOL. Why, if your part exceede to day, I hope
Ours may, to morrow, match it. SVB. I, they may.
DOL. May, murmuring Maſtiffe, I, and do. Gods will!
Helpe me to thrattell him. SVB. *Dorothee*, Miſtreſſe *Dorothee*,
O'ds precious, I'll doe any thing. What doe you meane?
DOL. Becauſe o'your *Fermentation*, and *Cibation*?
SVB. Not I, by heauen. DOL. Your *Sol* & *Luna*: help me.
SVB. Would I were hang'd then, I'll conforme my ſelfe.
DOL. Will you Sr. doe ſo then, and quickly. Sweare.
SVB. What ſhould I ſweare? DOL. To leaue your faction Sr,
And labour, kindly, in the commune worke.
SVB. Let me not breath, if I meant ought, beſide.
I onely vſ'd thoſe ſpeeches, as a ſpurre
To him. DOL. I hope we need no ſpurres Sr. Doe we?
FAC. Slid, proue to day, who ſhall ſharke beſt. SVB. Agreed.
DOL. Yes, and worke cloſe, and friendly. SVB. Slight the knot
Shall grow the ſtronger, for this breach, with me.
DOL. Why ſo, my good Baboones! Shall we goe make
A ſort of ſober, ſciruy, præciſe Neighbours,
(That ſcarſe haue ſmil'd twiſe, ſin' the King came in)
A feaſt of laughter, at our follies? Raskalls,
Would runne themſelues from breath, to ſee me ride,
Or you t'haue but a Hole, to thruſt your heads in,
For which you ſhould pay Eare-rent: No, Agree,
And may *Don Prouoſt* ride a feaſting, long,
In his old veluet ierken, and ſtaynd ſcarfes,

(My noble Soueraigne, and worthy Generall)
Ere we contribute a new cruell garter
To his moſt worſted worſhip. SVB. Royall *Dol*!
Spoken like *Claridiana*, and thy ſelfe.
FAC. For which at ſupper, thou ſhalt ſit in triumph,
And not be ſtil'd *Dol* common, but *Dol* proper,
Dol ſingular: the longeſt cut, at night.
Shall draw thee for his *Dol* particular.
SVB. Who's that? one rings. To the windo' *Dol*. Pray heau'n,
The Maſter doe not trouble vs, this quarter.
FAC. O, feare not him. While there dies one, a weeke,
O'the plague, hee's ſafe, from thinking, toward *London*.
Beſide, hee's buſie at his hop-yardes, now,
I had a letter from him. If he doe,
Hee'll ſend ſuch word, for ayring o'the houſe
As you ſhall haue ſufficient time, to quit it.
Though we breake vp a fortnight, 'tis no matter.
SVB. Who is it, *Dol*? DOL. A fine yong Quodling. FAC. O
My Lawyers Clearke, I lighted on, laſt night,
In *Hol'bourne*, at the Dagger. He would haue
(I told you of him) a *Familiar*,
To riffle with, at horſes, and winne cuppes.
DOL. O, let him in. SVB. Stay. Who ſhall doo't? FAC. Get you
Your robes on. I will meete him, as going out.
DOL. And what ſhall I do? FAC. Not be ſeene, away.
Seeme you very reſeru'd. SVB. Inough. FAC. God bew'you, Sr.
I pray you, let him know that I was here.
His name is *Dapper*. I would gladly haue ſtayd, But——

ACT. 1. SCENE. 2.

DAPPER. FACE. SVBTLE. (Doctor.

CAptaine, I am here. FAC. Who's that? Hee's come, I think,
Good faith, Sr, I was going away. DAP. In truth,
I am very ſory, Captayne. FAC. But I thought
Sure, I ſhould meet you. DAP. I am very glad.

I'had

I'had a sciruy *Wrst*, or two, to make,
And I had lent my watch last night, to one
That dines, to day, at the Shrieffs: and so was robd
Of my passe-time. Is this the Cunning-man?
FAC. This is his worship. DAP. Is he a Doctor? FAC. Yes.
DAP. And ha'you broke with him, Captaine? FAC. I. DAP. And how?
FAC. Faith, he doe's make the matter, Sr. so dainty,
I know not what to say. DAP. Not so, good Captaine.
FAC. Would I were fayrely rid on't, beleeue me.
DAP. Nay, now you grieue me Sr. Why should you wish so?
I dare assure you, I'll not be vngratefull.
FAC. I cannot thinke you will, Sr. But the *Lawe*
Is such a thing — And then he sayes, *Reade's* matter
Falling so lately. DAP. *Reade?* He was an Asse,
And dealt Sr with a Foole. FAC. It was a Clearke, Sr.
DAP. A Clearke? FAC. Nay, heare me, Sr. you know the *Law*
Better, I thinke DAP. I should Sr. and the danger.
You know I shew'd the *Stanne* to you? FAC. You did so.
DAP. And will I tell, then? By this hand of flesh,
Would it might neuer wright good *Court*-hand, more,
If I discouer. What doe you thinke of me, (here.
That I am a *Chiaus*? FAC. What's that? DAP. The *Turke* was,
As one would say, Doe you thinke I am a *Turke*?
FAC. I'll tell the Doctor so. DAP. Doe, good sweet Captaine.
FAC. Come, noble Doctor, 'pray thee, let's preuaile,
This is the Gentleman, and he is no *Chiause*.
SVB. Captaine, I haue return'd you all my answere.
I would doe much Sr. for your loue — But this
I neither may, nor can. FAC. Tut, doe not say so.
You deale, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,
One that will thanke you, richly, and h'is no *Chiause*:
Let that Sr. moue you. SVB. Pray you, forbeare. FAC. He has
Foure Angels, here. SVB. You doe me wrong good Sr.
FAC. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you with these spirits?
SVB. To tempt my art, and loue, Sir, to my perill.
Fore heau'n, I scarse can thinke you are my friend,

That

That ſo would draw me to apparant danger.
FAC. I draw you? A horſe draw you, and a halter,
You, and your Flies together. DAP. Nay, good Captaine.
FAC. That know no difference of men. SVB. Good words Sr.
FAC. Good deeds, Sr. Doctor Dogges-mouth. Slight I bring
No cheating *Clim-o'the-Cloughs*, or *Claribels*, (you
That looke as bigge as *fiue, and fifty, and fluſh*,
And ſpit out ſecrets, like hot Cuſtard DAP. Captayne.
FAC. Nor any melancholike vnder-*Scribe*,
Shall tell the *Vicar*: but, a ſpeciall Gentle,
That is the Heire to forty markes, a yeare,
Conſorts with the ſmall *Poets* of the time,
Is the ſole hope of his old Grand-Mother,
That knowes the Law, and writes you ſixe fayre Hands,
Is a fine Clearke, and has his Ciphring perfect,
Will take his oth, o'the *Greeke Teſtament*,
If need be, in his pocket: and can court
His Miſtreſſe, out of *Ouid*. DAP. Nay, deare Captayne.
FAC. Did you not tell me, ſo? DAP. Yes, but I'ld ha'you
Vſe Mr. Doctor, with ſome more reſpect.
FAC. Hang him proud Stagg, with his broad veluet head.
But, for your ſake, I'ld choake ere I would change
An article of breath, with ſuch a Puck-fiſt.
Come let's be gone. SVB. Pray you, le'me ſpeake with you.
DAP. His worſhip calls you, Captayne. FAC. I am ſorry,
I e're imbarqu'd my ſelfe, in ſuch a buſines.
DAP. Nay good Sr. He did call you. FAC. Will he take, then?
SVB. Firſt, heare me — FAC. Not a ſyllable, 'leſſe you take.
SVB. Pray ye Sr. FAC. Vpon no termes, but an *Aſſumpſit*.
SVB. Your Humor muſt be law. FAC. Why now Sr. talke.
Now, I dare heare you with mine honour. Speake. (ſpring,
So may this Gentleman too. SVB. Why Sr. FAC. No whi-
SVB. 'Fore Heau'n, you doe not apprehend the loſſe
You doe your ſelfe, in this. FAC. Wherein? For what?
SVB. Mary, to be ſo importunate for one,
That, when he has it, will vndoe you all:

He'll

He'll winne vp all the money i'the Towne.
FAC. How? SVB. Yes. And blow vp Gamster, after Gamster,
As they doe crackers, in a *Puppit*-play.
If I doe giue him a *Familiar*,
Giue you him all you play for; neuer set him:
For he will haue it. FAC. Y'are mistaken, Doctor.
Why, he do's aske one but for Cuppes, and Horses,
A rifling Fly: none o'your great *Familiars*.
DAP. Yes, Captayne, I would haue it, for all games.
SVB. I told you so. FAC. 'Slight, that's a new businesse!
I vnderstood you, a tame *Bird*, to flye
Twise in a *Terme*, or so; on *Friday* nights,
When you had left the Office: for a Nagg,
Of forty, or fifty shillings. DAP. I'tis true, Sir,
But I doe thinke, now, I shall leaue the *Lawe*,
And therefore. FAC. Why this changes quite the case!
Do'you thinke, that I dare moue him? DAP. If you please, Sir,
All's one to him, I see. FAC. What? for that money?
I cannot with my Conscience. Nor should you
Make the request, me thinkes. DAP. No, Sir, I meane
To adde consideration. FAC. VVhy, then, Sir,
I'll try. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?
SVB. I say, then, not a mouth shall eate for him
At any *Ordinary*, but o'the Score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceiue me. FAC. Indeed!
SVB. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realme,
If it be set him. FAC. Speake you this from art?
SVB. I, Sir, and reason too; the ground of art.
H'is o'the onely best complexion
The Queene of *Fairie* loues. FAC. VVhat! is he! SVB. Peace.
He'll ouer-heare you. Sir, should she but see him —
FAC. VVhat? SVB. Do not you tell him. FAC. VVill he win at
SVB. The Spirits of dead *Holland*, liuing *Isaac*, (cardes too?
You'ld sweare, were in him: such a vigorous luck
As cannot be resisted. Slight he'll put
Sixe o'your Gallants, to a cloake, indeed.

FAC. A ſtrange ſucceſſe, that ſome man ſhall be borne too!
SVB. Hee heares you, man. DAP. Sir, Ile not be ingratefull.
FAC. Faith, I haue a confidence in his good nature:
You heare, he ſayes, he will not be ingratefull.
SVB. VVhy, as you pleaſe, my venture followes yours.
FAC. Troth, doe it Doctor. Thinke him truſty, and make him.
Hee may make vs both happy in an hower:
Winne ſome fiue thouſand pound, and ſend vs two on't.
DAP. Beleeue it, and I will, Sir. FAC. And you ſhall, Sir.
You haue heard all? DAP. No, what was't? Nothing, I Sir.
FAC. Nothing? DAP. A little, Sir. FAC. Well, a rare Starre
Raign'd at your birth. DAP. At mine Sir? No. FAC. The Doctor
Swearcs that you are — SVB. Nay Captayn, Yo'll tell all, now.
FAC. Allied to the Queene of *Faerie*. DAP. Who? that I am?
Beleeue it, no ſuch matter. FAC. Yes, and that
Yo'were borne with a Caule o'your head. DAP. Who ſayes ſo?
FAC. Come.
You know it well inough, though you diſſemble it.
DAP. I fac, I doe not. You are miſtaken. FAC. How!
Sweare by your fac? and in a thing, ſo knowne
Vnto the Doctor? How ſhall we, Sir, truſt you
I'the other matter? Can we euer thinke,
When you haue wonne fiue, or ſixe thouſand pound,
Yo'll ſend vs ſhares in't, by this rate? DAP. By Gad, Sir,
I'll winne ten thouſand pound, and ſend you halfe.
I fac is no othe. SVB. No, no, he did but ieſt.
FAC. Goe too. Goe, thanke the Doctor. He is your friend.
To take it ſo. DAP. I thanke his VVorſhip. FAC. So?
Another Angell. DAP. Muſt I? FAC. Muſt you? Slight,
VVhat elſe is Thankes? Will you be triuiall? Doctor.
VVhen muſt he come, for his *Familiar*?
DAP. Shall I not ha'it with me? SVB. O, good Sir,
There muſt a world of ceremonies paſſe,
You muſt be bath'd, and fumigated, firſt;
Beſides, the Queene of *Faerie* do's not riſe,
Till it be noone. FAC. Not, if ſhe daunc'd, to night.

SVB. And she must blesse it. FAC. Did you neuer see
Her royall *Grace*, yet? DAP. Whom? FAC. Your Aunt of *Faerie*?
SVB. Not, since she kist him, in the cradle, Captayne,
I can resolue you that. FAC. VVell, see her *Grace*,
What ere it cost you, for a thing that I know.
It will be somewhat hard to compasse: But.
How euer, see her. You are made, beleeue it,
If you can see her. Her *Grace* is a lone woman,
And very rich, and if she take a phant'sye,
She will doe strange things. See her, at any hand.
'Slid, she may hap to leaue you all she has:
It is the Doctors feare. DAP. How will't be done, then?
FAC. Let me alone take you no thought. Doe you
But say to me, Captayne, I'll see her *Grace*.
DAP. Captain, I'll see her *Grace*. FAC. Inough. SVB. Who's there?
Anone. (Conduct him forth, by the back way)
Sir, against one a Clock, prepare your selfe.
Till when you must be fasting; onely, take
Three drops of vinegar, in, at your nose;
Two at your mouth; and one, at eyther eare;
Then, bath your fingers endes; and, wash your eyes;
To sharpen your fiue Senses; and, cry *Hum*,
Thrise; and then *Buz*, as often; and then, Come.
FAC. Can you remember this? DAP. I warrant you.
FAC. Well, then, away. 'Tis, but your bestowing
Some twenty nobles, 'mong her *Graces* Seruants;
And, put on a cleane shirt: You doe not know
What grace her *Grace* may doe you in cleane linnen.

ACT. I. SCENE. 3.

SVBTLE. DRVGGER. FACE.

COme in. Good wiues, I pray you forbeare me, now.
Troth I can doe you no good, till afternoone.
What is your name, say you, *Abel Drugger*? DRV. Yes, Sir.
SVB. A seller of *Tobacco*? DRV. Yes, Sir. SVB. 'Vmh.
Free of the Grocers? DRV. I, and't please you. SVB. Well.

Your busines, *Abel*? DRV. This, and't please your worship,
I'am a yong beginner, and am building
Of a new shop, and't like your worship; iust,
At corner of a street: (Here's the plot on't.)
And I would know, by art, Sir, of your Worship,
Which way I should make my dore, by *Necromantie*.
And, where my Shelues. And, which should be for Boxes,
And, which for Potts. I would be glad to thriue, Sir.
And, I was wish'd to your Worship, by a Gentleman,
One Captaine *Face*, that say's you know mens *Planets*,
And their good *Angels*, and their bad. SVB. I doe
If I doe see 'hem. FAC. VVhat! my honest *Abel*?
Thou art well met, here. DRV. Troth, Sir, I was speaking,
Iust, as your VVorship came here, of your VVorship.
I pray you, speake for me to Mr. Doctor.
FAC. He shall doe any thing. Doctor, doe you heare?
This is my friend, *Abel*, an honest fellow,
He lets me haue good *Tobacco*, and he do's not
Sophisticate it, with Sack-lees, or Oyle,
Nor washes it in Muscadell, and Graines,
Nor buries it, in grauell, vnder ground,
Wrap'd vp in greasie leather, or piss'd cloutes:
But keepes it in fine Lilly-pots, that open'd,
Smell like conserue of Roses, or *French* Beanes.
He has his Maple block, his siluer tongs,
Winchester pipes, and fire of Iuniper.
A neate, spruce-honest-fellow, and no Goldmith.
SVB. H'is a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on.
FAC. Already, Sir, ha'you found it? Lo'thee *Abel*!
SVB. And, in right way to'ward riches. FAC. Sir. SVB. This Summer.
He will be of the Clothing of his company.
And, next spring, call'd to the Scarlet. Spend what he can.
FAC. What, and so little beard? SVB. Sir, you must thinke,
He may haue a receipt, to make hayre come.
But he'll be wise, preserue his youth, and fine for't:

His

His fortune lookes for him, another way.
FAC. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so soone?
I am amus'd, at that! SVB. By a rule, Captayne,
In *Metaposcopie*, which I doe worke by,
A certaine Starre i'the forehead, which you see not.
Your Chest-nut, or your Oliue-colourd face
Do's neuer fayle: and your long Eare doth promise.
I knew't, by certaine spotts too, in his teeth,
And on the nayle of his *Mercurial* finger.
FAC. Which finger's that? SVB. His little-finger, Looke.
Yo'were borne vpon a Wensday. DRV. Yes, indeed, Sir.
SVB. The Thumbe, in *Chiromantie*, we giue *Venus*;
The Fore-finger to *Ioue*; the Midst, to *Saturne*;
The Ring to *Sol*, the Least, to *Mercurie*:
Who was the Lord, Sir, of his *Horoscope*,
His *House of life* being *Libra*. Which foreshew'd,
He should be a Marchant, and should trade with Ballance.
FAC. VVhy, this is strange! Is't not, honest *Nab*?
SVB. There is a Ship now, comming from *Ormu's*,
That shall yeeld him, such a Commoditie
Of Drugs. This is the West, and this the South?
DRV. Yes, Sir. SVB. And those are your two sides? DRV. I, Sir.
SVB. Make me your Dore, then, South; your broad side, West:
And, on the East-side of your shop, aloft,
Write *Mathlai*, *Tarmiel*, and *Baraborat*;
Vpon the North-part, *Rael*, *Velel*, *Thiel*,
They are the names of those *Mercurian* spirits,
That doe fright flyes from boxes. DRV. Yes, Sir, SVB. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a Loade-stone
To draw in Gallants, that weare spurres: The rest,
They'll seeme to follow. FAC. That's a secret, *Nab*.
SVB. And, on your stall, a Puppet, with a vice,
And a *Court-fucus*, to call Citie-Dames.
You shall deale much, with *Mineralls*. DRV. Sir, I haue,
At home, already — SVB. I, I know, you'haue *Arsnike*,
Vitriol, *Sal Tartre*, *Argaile*, *Alkaly*,

Cinoper. I know all. This fellow, Captayne,
Will come, in time, to be a great Diſtiller,
And giue a ſay (I will not ſay directly,
But very fayre) at the *Philoſophers ſtone.*
FAC. Why, how now *Abel!* Is this true? DRV. Good Captayne,
What muſt I giue? FAC. Nay, Ile not counſell thee.
Thou hearſt, what wealth, he ſayes, ſpend what thou canſt,
Th'art like to come too. DRV. I would gi'him a Crowne.
FAC. A Crowne? And toward ſuch a fortune? Hart,
Thou ſhalt rather gi'him thy ſhop. No Gold about thee?
DRV. Yes, I haue a *Portague*, I ha'kept this halfe yeare.
FAC. Out on thee, *Nab*, 'Slight, there was ſuch an offer,
'Shalt keepe't no longer, I'll gi'it him for thee?
Doctor, *Nab* prayes your Worſhip, to drinke this, and ſweares
He will appeare more gratefull, as your skill
Do's raiſe him in the world. DRV. I would intreat
Another fauor of his Worſhip. FAC. What is't, *Nab?*
DRV. But, to looke ouer, Sir, my *Almanack*,
And croſſe out my Ill-dayes, that I may neither
Bargaine, nor truſt vpon them. FAC. That he ſhall, *Nab.*
Leaue it, it ſhall be done, 'gainſt afternoone.
SVB. And a direction for his ſhelues. FAC. Now, *Nab?*
Art thou well pleaſ'd, *Nab?* DRV. Thank, Sir, both your Worſhips. FAC. Away.
Why, now, you ſmoaky perſecuter of *Nature*,
Now, doe you ſee, that ſomething's to be done,
Beſide your Beech-coale, and your Cor'ſiue waters,
Your Croſſe-lets, Crucibles, and Cucurbites?
You muſt haue ſtuffe, brought home to you, to worke on?
And, yet, you thinke, I am at no expenſe,
In ſearching out theſe vaines, then following 'hem,
Then trying 'hem out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
Coſts me more money, then my ſhare oft comes too,
In theſe rare workes. SVB. You'are pleaſant, Sir. How now?

ACT. 1. SCENE. 4.

FACE. DOL. SVBTLE.

WHat say's, my dainty *Dolkin*? DOL. Yonder Fish-wife
Will not away. And there's your Gianteſſe,
The Baud of *Lambeth*. SVB. Hart, I cannot ſpeake with'hem.
DOL. Not, afore night, I haue told'hem, in a voice,
Thorough the Trunke, like one of your *Familiars*.
But I haue ſpied Sir *Epicure Mammon*. SVB. Where?
DOL. Comming along, at far end of the lane,
Slow of his feete, but earneſt of his tongue,
To one, that's with him. SVB. *Face*, Goe you, and ſhift,
Dol, you muſt preſently make ready, too.
DOL. Why, what's the matter? SVB. O, I did looke for him
With the ſunnes riſing. 'Meruaile, he could ſleepe.
This is the day, I am to perfect for him
The *Magiſterium*, our *great worke*, the *Stone*;
And yeeld it, made, into his hands: Of which,
He has, this month, talk'd, as he were poſſeſſ'd on't,
And, now, hee's dealing peeces on't, away.
Me thinkes, I ſee him, entring Ordinaries,
Diſpenſing for the poxe; and Plaguy-houſes,
Reaching his doſe; Walking *More-fields* for Lepers;
And offring Citizens Wiues Pomander Bracelets,
As his preſeruatiue, made of the *Elixir*;
Searching the Spittle, to make old Baudes yong;
And the High waies, for Beggars, to make rich.
I ſee no end of his labours. He will make
Nature aſham'd, of her long ſleepe, when *Art*,
Who's but a Step-dame, ſhall doe more, then ſhee,
In her beſt loue to Man-kinde, euer could.
If his Dreame laſt, Hee'l turne the *Age*, to Gold.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 1.

MAMON. SVRLY.

COme on, Sir. Now, you set your foote, on Shore
In *Nouo Orbe*; Here's the rich *Peru*:
And there within, Sir, are the golden Mines
Great *Salomon's Ophir*. He was sayling to't
Three yeares, but we haue reach'd it in ten Months.
This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
I will pronounce the happy word, *Be rich*.
This day, you shall be *Spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deale with the hollow Die,
Or the fraile Card. No more be at charge of keeping
The Liuery-punke, for my yong Heyre, that must
Seale, at all howers, in his shirt. No more
If he deny, ha'him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commoditie. No more
Shall thirst of satten, or the couetous hunger
Of veluet entrayles, for a rude-spun cloake,
To be displayd at *Madam Augusta's*, make
The *sonnes of Sword*, and *Hazard* fall before
The golden Calfe, and on their knees, whole nights,
Commit Idolatry with Wine, and Trumpets
Or goe a feasting, after Drum and Ensigne.
No more of this. You shall start vp yong *Vice-roies*,
And haue your Punques, and Punquettees, my *Surly*.
And vnto thee, I speake it first, *Be rich*.
Where is my *Subtle*, there? Within Hough? { *WITHIN* } Sir,
Hee'll come to you, by and by. MAM. That's his Fire-drake,
His Lungs, his *Zephyrus*, he that puffes his coales,
Till he firke *Nature*, vp, in her owne center.
You are not faithfull, Sir. This night, I'll change
All, that is mettall, in my house, to gold.
And, early in the morning, will I send
To all the Plumbers, and the Peuterers,

And buy their Tinne, and Lead vp: and to *Lothbury*,
For all the copper. SVR. What, and turne that too?
MAM. Yes, and I'll purchase *Deuonshire*, and *Cornwaile*,
And make them perfect *Indies*. You admire now?
SVR. No faith. MAM. But when you see th'effects of the great medicine!
Of which one part proiected on a hundred
Of *Mercurie*, or *Venus*, or the *Moone*,
Shall turne it, to as many of the *Sunne*;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:
You will beleeue me. SVR. Yes, when I see't, I will.
But, if my eyes doe cossen me so (and I
Giuing'hem no occasion) sure, I'll haue
A Whore, shall pisse'hem out next day. MAM. Ha! Why?
Doe you thinke, I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the *Flower of the Sunne*,
The perfect *Ruby*, which we call *Elixir*,
Not onely can doe that, but by it's vertue,
Can confer honour, loue, respect, long life,
Giue safty, valure: yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight, and twenty dayes,
I'll make an Old man, of foure score, a Childe.
SVR. No doubt hee'is that already. MAM. Nay, I meane,
Restore his yeares, renew him, like an Eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get Sonnes, and Daughters,
Yong *Giants*; as our *Philosophers* haue done
(The antient *Patriarkes* afore the flood)
But taking, once a weeke, on a kniues point,
The quantitie of a grayne of Mustard, of it:
Become stout *Marses*, and beget yong *Cupids*.
SVR. The decay'd *Vestall's* of *Pickt-hatch* would thanke you,
That keepe the fire a-liue, there. MAM. 'Tis the secret
Of *Nature*, naturiz'd 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, comming of all causes,
A month's griefe, in a day; a yeares, in twelue:
And, of what age so euer, in a month.

Past all the doses, of your drugging Doctors.
I'll vndertake, withall, to fright the Plague
Out o'the kingdome, in three months. SVR. And I'll
Be bound, the *Players* shall sing your praises, then,
Without their *Poets*. MAM. Sir, I'll doo't. Meane time,
I'll giue away so much, vnto my man,
Shall serue th'whole Citie, with preseruatiue,
Weekely, each house his dose, and at the rate —
SVR. As he that built the Water-worke, dos with water,
MAM. You are incredulous. SVR. Faith, I haue a humor,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your *Stone*
Cannot transmute me. MAM. *Pertinax, Surly*,
Will you beleeue *Antiquities? Records?*
I'll shew you a Booke, where *Moses*, and his *Sister*,
And *Salomon* haue written, of the Art;
I, and a Treatise penn'd by *Adam*. SVR. How!
MAM. O'the *Philosophers stone*, and in *high Dutch*.
SVR. Did *Adam* write, Sir, in *high Dutch*? MAM. He did:
Which proues it was the Primitiue tongue. SVR. What Paper?
MAM. On *Cedar* board. SVR. O that, indeed (they say)
Will last 'gainst wormes. MAM. 'Tis like your *Irish* wood
'Gainst Cobwebs. I haue a peece of *Iasons* fleece, too,
Which was no other, then a Booke of *Alchemie*,
Writ in large sheepe-skin, a good fat Ram-Vellam.
Such was *Pythagoras's* thigh, *Pandora's* tub;
And, all that fable of *Medeas* charmes,
The manner of our worke: The *Bulls*, our Fornace,
Still breathing fire; our *Argent-vine*, the Dragon:
The Dragons teeth, *Mercurie* sublimate,
That keepes the whitenesse, hardnesse and the biting;
And they are gather'd, into *Iason's helme*,
(Th'*Alembeke*) and then sow'd in *Mars* his field,
And, thence, sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, th'*Hesperian* Garden, *Cadmus* story,
Ioue's shower, the boone of *Midas*, *Argus* eyes,
Boccace his *Demogorgon*, thousands more,
All abstract Riddles of our *Stone*. How now?

ACT. 2. SCENE. 2.

MAMMON. FACE. SVRLY.

DOe we succeed? Is our day come? and hold's it?
FAC. The euening will set red, vpon you, Sir,
You haue colour for it, crimson, the red *Ferment*
Has done his office. Three howers hence, prepare you
To see proiection. MAM. *Pertinax*, my *Surly*,
Againe, I say to thee, aloud: *Be rich.*
This day, thou shalt haue Ingots: and, to morrow,
Giue Lords th'affront. Is it, my *Zephyrus*, right?
Blushes the Bolts-head? FAC. Like a Wench with Child, Sir,
That were, but now, discouer'd to her Master.
MAM. Excellent witty *Lungs*. My onely care is,
Where to get stuffe, inough now, to proiect on
This towne will not halfe serue me. FAC. No Sir? Take
The couering of o'Churches. MAM. That's true FAC. Yes.
Let 'hem stand bare, as doe their Auditorie,
Or cap 'hem, new, with Shingles. MAM. No, good Thatch.
Thatch will lie light, vpo'the rafters *Lungs*.
Lungs, I will manumit thee, from the Fornace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, *Puffe*,
Lost in the embers; and repayre this brayne,
Hurt with the fume o'the Metalls. FAC. I haue blowne, Sir,
Hard for your Worship; throwne by many a Coale,
When t'was not Beech; weigh'd those I put in, iust,
To keepe your heate, still euen; These bleard eyes
Haue wak'd, to reade your seuerall colours, Sir,
Of the *pale Citron*, the *greene Lion*, the *Crow*,
The *Peacocks tayle*, the *plumed Swan*. MAM. And, lastly,
Thou hast descried the *Flower*, the *Sanguis Agni*?
FAC. Yes Sir. MAM. Where's Master? FAC. At's prayers, Sir, hee,
Good man, he's doing his deuotions,
For the successe. MAM. *Lungs*, I will set a period,
To all thy labours: Thou shalt be, the Master

Of my *Seraglia*. FAC. Good, Sir. MAM. But doe you heare?
I'll geld you' *Lungs*. FAC. Yes, Sir. MAM. For I doe meane
To haue a liſt of Wiues, and Concubines,
Æquall with *Salomon*; who had the *Stone*
Alike, with me: and I will make me, a back
With the *Elixir*, that ſhall be as tough
As *Hercules*, to encounter fifty a night.
Th'art ſure, thou ſawſt it *blood*? FAC. Both *blood*, & *ſpirit*, Sir.
MAM. I will haue all my beds, blowne vp; not ſtuft:
Downe is too hard. And then, mine *Oual* Roome,
Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as *Tiberius* tooke
From *Elephantis*: and dull *Aretine*
But coldly imitated. Then, my Glaſſes,
Cut in more ſubtill angles, to diſperſe,
And multiply the figures, as I walke
Naked betweene my *Succuba*. My miſtes
I'le haue of perfume, vapor'd'bout the roome,
To looſe our ſelues in; and my bathes, like pittes
To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
And roule vs dry in Goſſamour, and Roſes.
Is it ariu'd at *Ruby*? Where I ſpie
A wealthy Cittizen, or rich Lawyer,
Haue a ſublim'd pure Wife, vnto that fellow
I'll ſend a thouſand pound, to be my Cuckold.
FAC. And I ſhall carry it. MAM. No, I'll ha'no baudes,
But Fathers, and Mothers. And my flatterers,
Shall be the beſt, and graueſt of Diuines,
That I can get for money. My mere fooles,
Eloquent Burgeſſes, and then my Poets
The ſame that writ ſo ſubtly of the *Fart*,
Whom I will entertaine, ſtill, for that *Subiect*.
The few, that would giue out themſelues, to be
Court, and Towne-Stallions, and, each where, belye
Ladies, who'are knowne moſt innocent, for them;
Thoſe will I begge, to make me *Eunuchs* of:
And they ſhall fanne me, with ten Eſtrich Tayles

A piece, made in a plume, to gather winde.
We will be braue, *Puffe*, now we ha'the *Med'cine*.
My Meate, ſhall all come in, in *Indian* ſhells,
Diſhes of Agat, ſet in Gold, and ſtudded
With Emeralds, Saphires, Hjacinths, and Rubies.
The tongues of Carpes, Dormiſe, and Camels heeles,
Boyl'd i'the ſpirit of *Sol*, and diſſolu'd Pearle,
(*Apicius* diet, 'gainſt the *Epilepſie*)
And I will eate theſe broaths, with ſpoones of Amber,
Headed with Diamant, and Carbuncle.
My foote-Boy ſhall eate Phesants, caluerd Salmons,
Knots, Godwits, Lamprey's: I my ſelfe will haue
The beards of Barbels, ſeru'd, in ſtead of ſallades;
Oyld Muſhromes; and the ſwelling vnctuous papps
Of a fat pregnant Sow, newly cut off,
Dreſt with an exquiſite, and poynant ſauce;
For which, Ile ſay vnto my Cooke, There's gold,
Goe forth, and be a Knight. FAC. Sir, I'll goe looke
A little, how it heightens. MAM. Doe. My Shirts
I'll haue of Taffata-ſarſnet, ſoft, and light
As Cobwebs; and for all my other rayment
It ſhall be ſuch, as might prouoke the *Perſian*:
Were he to teach the world riot, a new.
My Gloues of Fiſhes, and Birds-skinnes, perfum'd
With Gummes of *Paradiſe*, and Eaſterne ayre —
SVR. And do'you thinke to haue the *Stone*, with this?
MAM. No, I doe thinke, t'haue all this, with the *Stone*.
SVR. Why, I haue heard, he muſt be *Homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortall ſinne, a very Virgin.
MAM. That makes it, Sir, he is ſo. But I buy it.
My venter brings it me. He, honeſt wretch,
A notable, ſuperſtitious, good ſoule,
Has worne his knees bare, and his ſlippers bald,
With prayer, and faſting for it: And Sir, let him
Do'it alone, for me, ſtill. Here he comes,
Not a prophane word, afore him: 'Tis poyſon.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 3.

MAMMON. SVBTLE. SVRLY. FACE.

GOd morrow, Father. SVB. Gentle Sonne, good morrow,
And, to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
MAM. An *Heretique*, that I did bring along,
In hope, Sir, to conuert him. SVB. Sonne, I doubt
Yo'are couetous, that thus you meete your time
I'the iuſt point: preuent your day, at morning.
This argues ſomething, worthy of a feare
Of importune, and carnall appetite.
Take heed, you doe not cauſe the bleſſing leaue you,
With your vngouern'd haſt. I ſhould be ſorry,
To ſee my labours, now, eene at perfection,
Got by long watching, and large patience,
Not proſper, where my Loue, and Zeale hath plac'd 'hem.
Which (heauen I call to witneſſe, with your ſelfe,
To whom, I haue pour'd my thoughts) in all my endes,
Haue look'd no way, but vnto publique good,
To pious vſes, and deare Charitie
Now growne a prodigie with men. Wherein
If you, my Sonne, ſhould, now, prævaricate,
And, to your owne particular luſts, employ
So great, and catholique a bliſſe; Be ſure,
A curſe will follow, yea, and ouertake
Your ſubtle, and moſt ſecret wayes. MAM. I know, Sir,
You ſhall not need to feare me. I but come,
To ha' you confute this Gentleman. SVB. Who is,
Indeed, Sir, ſomewhat cauſtiue of beleefe
Toward your Stone. Would not be gull'd. SVB. Well, Sonne,
All that I can conuince him in, is this,
The *Worke* is done: Bright *Sol* is in his *robe*.
We haue a *med'cine of the triple Soule*,
The *glorified ſpirit*. Thankes be to heauen,
And make vs worthy of it. *Vlen ſpiegle*.

FAC.

FAC. Anone Sir. SVB. Looke well to the Regiſter,
And let your heate, ſtill, leſſen by degrees
To the *Aludels*. FAC. Yes Sir. SVB. Did you looke
O'the Bolts-head yet? FAC. Which on D. Sir? SVB. I.
What's the complexion? FAC. Whitiſh. SVB. Infuſe vinegar,
To draw his *volatile ſubſtance*, and his *tincture*:
And let the water in *Glaſſe E.* be *feltred*,
And put into the *Gripes egge*. Lute him, well;
And leaue him cloſ'd in *Balneo*. FAC. I will, Sir.
SVR. What a braue language here is? next to *Canting*?
SVB. I'haue another worke, you neuer ſaw, Sonne,
That, three dayes ſince, paſt the *Philoſophers wheele*,
In the lent heate of *Athanor*; and's become
Sulphur o'nature. MAM. But 'tis for mee? SVB. What need you?
You haue inough, in that is, perfect. MAM. O, but—
SVB. Why this is Couetiſe! MAM. No, I aſſure you,
I ſhall employ it all, in pious vſes,
Founding of *Colleges*, and *Grammar Schooles*,
Marrying yong *Virgins*, building *Hoſpitals*,
And now, and then a *Church*. SVB. How now. FAC. Sir pleaſe you
Shall I not change the *feltre*? SVB. Mary, yes.
And bring me the complexion of *Glaſſe B*.
MAM. Ha'you another? SVB. Yes Sonne, were I aſſur'd
Your piety were firme, we would not want
The meanes to glorifie it. But I hope the beſt:
I meane to tinct *C*. in *ſand-heate*, to morrow,
And giue him *imbibition*. MAM. Of white oyle?
SVB. No Sir of red. *F*. is come ouer the *helme* too,
I thanke my Maker, in *S. Maries bath*,
And ſhewes *Lac Virginis*. Bleſſed be heauen.
I ſent you of his *faces* there, *calcin'd*,
Out of that *calx*, I'ha'wonne the *ſalt of Mercurie*.
MAM. By pouring on your *rectefied water*?
SVB. Yes, and reuerberating in *Athanor*.
How now? What colour ſayes it? FAC. The Ground black, Sir.

MAM.

MAM. That's your *Crowes head*. SVR. Your Cockscomb's, is't not?
SVB. No, 'Tis not perfect; would it were the *Crow*.
That worke wants something. SVR. O, I look'd for this.
The hay is a pitching. SVB. Are you sure, you loos'd 'hem
I'their owne *menstrue*? FAC. Yes, Sir, and then married 'hem,
And put 'hem in a Bolts-head, nipp'd to *digestion*,
According as you bad me; when I set
The *liquor of Mars* to *circulation*,
In the same heate. SVB. The processe, then, was right.
FAC. Yes, by the token, Sir, the Retort brake,
And what was sau'd, was put into the *Pellicane*,
And sign'd with *Hermes seale*. SVB. I thinke 'twas so.
We should haue a new *Amalgama*. SVR. O, this Ferret
Is ranke as any Pole-cat. SVB. But I care not.
Let him e'ene dy; wee haue enough, beside,
In *Embrion*. H. ha's his *white shirt* on? FAC. Yes, Sir,
Hee's ripe for *interation*; He stands warme,
In his *ash-fire*. I would not, you should let
Any dye now, if I might councell Sir,
For lucks-sake to the rest. It is not good.
MAM. He sayes right. SVR. I, are you bolted? FAC. Nay,
I know't Sir,
I'haue seene th'ill fortune. What is some three Ounces
Of fresh *materials*? MAM. Is't no more? FAC. No more, Sir,
Of Gold, t'*amalgame*, with some sixe of *Mercurie*.
MAM. Away, here's Money. What will serue. FAC. Aske him, Sir.
MAM. How much? SVB. Giue him nine pound, you may
gi'him ten.
SVR. Yes twenty, and be cossend, Doe. MAM. There 'tis.
SVB. This needs not. But that you will haue it, so,
To see conclusions of all. For two
Of our inferiour workes, are at *fixation*.
A third is in *Ascension*. Goe your wayes,
Ha'you set the Oyle of *Luna* in *Kemia*?
FAC. Yes, Sir. SVB. And the *Philosophers* vinegar? FAC. I.
SVR. We shal haue a sallad. MAM. When do you make *projection*?

SVB.

SVB. Sonne, be not hasty, I *exalt* our *Med'cine*,
By hanging him in *Balneo Vaporoso*;
And giuing him solution; then *congeale* him,
And then *dissolue* him; then againe *congeale* him;
For looke, how oft I iterate the worke,
So many times, I adde vnto his vertue.
As, if at first, one Ounce conuert a hundred,
After his second loose, he'll turne a thousand;
His third solution, ten: his fourth a hundred.
After his fifth, a thousand thousand Ounces
Of any imperfect mettall, into pure
Siluer, or Gold, in all examinations,
As good, as any of the naturall Mine.
Get you your stuffe here, against afternoone,
Your Brasse, your Pewter, and your Andirons.
MAM. Not those of iron? SVB. Yes. You may bring them, too.
We'll change all mettall's. SVR. I beleeue you, in that.
MAM. Then I may send my Spitts? SVB. Yes, and your Racks.
SVR. And Dripping-pannes, and Pot-hangers, and Hookes?
Shall he not? SVB. If he please. SVR. To be an Asse.
SVB. How Sir! MAM. This Gent'man, you must beare withall.
I told you, he had no faith. SVR. And little hope, Sir,
But, much lesse charitie, should I gull my selfe.
SVB. Why what haue you obseru'd, Sir, in our Art,
Seemes so impossible? SVR. But your whole worke, no more.
That, you should hatch gold in a Fornace, Sir,
As they doe egges in *Egypt*. SVB. Sir, doe you
Beleeue that egges are hatch'd so? SVR. If I should?
SVB. Why, I thinke that the greater Miracle.
No Egge, but differs from a Chicken, more,
Then *Mettalls* in themselues. SVR. That cannot be.
The *Egg's* ordain'd by *Nature*, to that end:
And is a Chicken, in *Potentia*.
SVB. The same we say of Lead, and other Mettalls,
Which would be Gold, if they had time. MAM. And that
Our Art doth furder. SVB. I, for 'twere absurd

To thinke that *Nature*, in the earth, bred Gold
Perfect i'the instant. Something went before.
There must be *remote Matter*. SVR. I, what is that?
SVB. Mary, we say. MAM. I, now it heates, stand Father,
Pound him to Dust. SVB. It is, of the one part,
A humide exhalation, which we call
Materia liquida, or the *Vnctuous Water*;
On th'other part, a certaine crasse, and viscous
Portion of earth; both which, concorporate,
Doe make the *elementary matter* of Gold:
Which is not, yet, *propria materia*,
But *commune* to all Mettalls, and all Stones.
For, where it is forsaken of that moysture,
And hath more drynesse, it becomes a Stone;
Where it retaines more of the humid fatnesse,
It turnes to *Sulphur*, or to *Quick-siluer*:
Who are the Parents of all other Mettals.
Nor can this *remote Matter*, sodainly,
Progresse so from extreme, vnto extreme,
As to grow Gold, and leape ore all the meanes.
Nature doth, first, beget th'imperfect; then
Proceedes shee to the perfect. Of that ayrye,
And oyly water, *Mercury* is engendred;
Sulphure o'the fat, and earthy part; the one
(Which is the last) supplying the place of *Male*,
The other of the *Female*, in all Mettalls.
Some doe beleeue *Hermaphrodeitie*,
That both doe act, and suffer. But these two
Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensiue.
And, euen in Gold, they are; for we doe finde
Seedes of them, by our fire, and Gold in them:
And can produce the *species* of each mettall
More perfect thence, then *Nature* doth in earth.
Beside, who doth not see, in dayly practise,
Art can beget Bees, Hornets, Beetles, Wasps,
Out of the Carcasses, and dung of Creatures;

Yea, Scorpions, of an herbe, being ritely plac'd.
And these are liuing Creatures, far more perfect,
And excellent, then Mettall. MAM. Well said, Father!
Nay, if he take you in hand, Sir, with an argument,
Hee'll bray you in a Morter. SVR. Pray you, Sir, stay:
Rather, then I'll be bray'd, Sir, I'll beleeue,
That *Alchemie* is a pretty kinde of Game,
Somewhat like Tricks o'the Cards, to cheat a man,
With charming. SVB. Sir? SVR. What else are all your *Termes*,
Whereon no one o'your *Writers* grees with other?
Of your *Elixir*, your *Lac virginis*,
Your *Stone*, your *Med'cine*, and your *Chrysosperme*,
Your *Sal*, your *Sulphur*, and your *Mercurie*,
Your *Oyle of height*, your *Tree of life*, your *Blood*,
Your *Marchesite*, your *Tutie*, your *Magnesia*,
Your *Toade*, your *Crow*, your *Dragon*, and your *Panther*,
Your *Sunne*, your *Moone*, your *Firmament*, your *Adrop*,
Your *Lato*, *Azoch*, *Zernich*, *Chibrit*, *Heautarit*,
And then your *Red man*, and your *white woman*;
With all your Broathes, your *Menstrues*, and *Materialls*,
Of Pisse, and Egge-shells, Womens termes, Mans blood,
Hayre o'the head, burnt Cloutes, Chalke, Merds, and Clay,
Poulder of bones, scalings of Iron, glasse,
And worlds of other strange *Ingredients*,
Would burst a man to name. SVB. And all these, nam'd,
Intending but one thing: which art our *Writers*
Vs'd to obscure their Art. MAM. Sir, so I told him.
Because the simple Idiot should not learne it,
And make it vulgar. SVB. Was not all the knowledge
Of the *Ægyptians* writ in mystick *Symboles*?
Speake not the *Scriptures* oft in *Parables*?
Are not the choysest *Fables* of the *Poets*,
That were the Fountaines, and first Springs of *Wisedome*,
Wrapt in perplexed *Allegories*? MAM. I vrg'd that.
And clear'd to him, that *Sisiphus* was damn'd
To roule the ceasselesse stone, onely, because

He would haue made ours common. Who is this?
SVB. God's precious — What doe you meane? Goe in, good Lady;
Let me entreat you. Where's this Varlet? FAC. Sir? {Dol is seene.}
SVB. You very knaue. Doe you vse mee, thus? FAC. Wherein Sir?
SVB. Goe in, and see, you traytor. Goe. MAM. who is it, Sir?
SVB. Nothing Sir. Nothing. MAM. What is the matter? Good Sir!
I haue not seene you thus distemp'red. Who is't?
SVB. All *Artes* haue still had, Sir, their aduersaries,
But ours the most ignorant. What now?
FAC. 'Twas not my fault, Sir, she would speake with you.
SVB. Would she Sir? Follow me. MAM. stay *Lungs*. FAC. I dare not Sir.
FAC. Stay man, what is she? FAC. A Lords Sister, Sir.
MAM. How! Pray thee stay? FAC. She's mad Sir, & sent hether —
(He'll be mad too. MAM. I warrant thee.) Why sent hether?
FAC. Sir, to be cur'd. SVB. Why Raskall! FAC. Loe you. Here Sir.
MAM. 'Fore-God, a *Bradamante*, a braue piece!
SVR. Hart, this is a baudy-House. I'll be burnt else.
MAM. O, by this light, no. Doe not wrong him. H'is
Too scrupulous, that way: It is his vice.
No, h'is a rare Phisition, doe him right.
An excellent *Paracelsian*! and has done
Strange cures with *mineral phisick*. He deales all
With *spirits*, he. He will not heare a Word
Of *Galen*, or his tedious *Recipee's*.
How now, *Lungs*! FAC. Softly, Sir, speake softly. I meant
To ha' told your Worship all. This must not heare,
MAM. No, he will not be gull'd; let him alone.
FAC. Y'are very right. Sir, she is a most rare schollar:
And is gone mad, with studying *Broughtons* workes.
If you but name a word, touching the *Hebrew*,
She falls into her fit, and will discourse
So learnedly of *Genealogies*,
As you would runne mad, too, to heare her, Sir,

MAM.

MAM. How might one doe t'haue conference with her, *Lungs*?
FAC. O, diuers haue runne mad vpon the Conference.
I doe not know, Sir: I am ſent in haſt,
To fetch a Viale. SVR. Be not gull'd, Sir *Mammon*.
MAM. Wherein? 'Pray ye, be patient. SVR. Yes, as you are.
And truſt confederate Knaues, and Baudes, and Whores.
MAM. You are too foule, beleeue it. Come here, *Zephyrus*.
One word. FAC. I dare not, in good faith. MAM. Stay, Knaue.
FAC. H'is extreme angry, that you ſaw her, Sir.
MAM. Drinke that. What is ſhe, when ſhe's out of her fit?
FAC. O the moſt affableſt Creature, Sir! ſo mery!
So pleaſant! ſhe'll mount you vp, like *quick-ſilver*,
Ouer the helme; and *circulate*, like *oyle*;
A very *Vegetall*: diſcourſe of *State*,
Of *Mathematiques*, *Bandry*, any thing—
MAM. Is ſhe no way acceſſible? no meanes,
No trick, to giue a man a taſt of her—
Wit? or ſo? FAC. I'll come to you againe, Sir.
MAM. *Surly*, I did not thinke, one o'your breeding
Would traduce perſonages of worth. SVR. Sir *Epicure*,
Your friend to vſe. Yet, ſtill, loth to be gull'd.
I doe not like your *Philoſophicall* baudes.
Their *Stone* is lechery inough, to pay for,
Without this bayte. MAM. 'Hart you abuſe your ſelfe.
I know the Lady, and her friends, and meanes,
The originall of this diſaſter. Her Brother
H'as told me all. SVR. And yet, you ne're ſaw her
Till now? MAM. O yes, but I forgot. I haue (beleeue it)
One o'the treacherou'ſt memories, I doe thinke,
Of all mankinde. SVB. What call you her Brother? MAM. My
Lord—
He wi'not haue his name knowne, now I thinke on't.
SVR. A very trecherous memory. MAM. O'my faith—
SVR. Tut if you ha'it not about you, paſſe it,
Till we meete next. MAM. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
He's one I honour, and my noble friend,

And I respect his House. SVR. Hart! Can it be,
That a graue Sir, a rich, that has no need,
A wise Sir, too, at other times, should thus
With his owne oathes, and arguments, make hard meanes
To gull himselfe? And, this be your *Elixir*,
Your *Lapis Mineralis*, and your *Lunarie*,
Giue me your honest trick, yet, at *Primero*,
Or *Gleeke*; and take your *Lutum sapientis*,
Your *Menstruum simplex*: I'll haue Gold, before you,
And, with lesse danger of the Quick-siluer;
Or the hot Sulphur. FAC. Here's one from Captaine *Face*, Sir,
Desires you meete him i'the *Temple-Church*,
Some halfe houre hence, and vpon earnest busines.
Sir, if you please to quit vs, now; and come,
Againe, within two howers: You shall haue
My Master busie examining o'the workes,
And I will steale you in, vnto the party,
That you may see her Conuerse. Sir, Shall I say,
You'll meete the Captaines Worship? SVR. Sir, I will.
But, by Attorney, and to a second purpose.
Now, I am sure, it is a Bawdy-house;
I'll sweare it, were the *Marshall* here, to thanke me.
The naming this Commander, doth confirme it.
Don Face! Why, h'is the most autentique dealer
I'these Commodities! The *Superintendent*
To all the queinter Traffiquers, in towne.
He is their *Visiter*, and do's appoint
Who lies with whom; and at what hower; what price;
Which gowne; and in what smock; what fall; what tire.
Him will I proue, by a third person, to finde
The subtilties of this darke *Labyrinth*:
Which, if I doe discouer, deare, Sir *Mammon*,
You'll giue your poore Friend leaue, though no *Philosopher*,
To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weepe.
FAC. Sir. He do's pray, you'll not forget. SVR. I will not, Sir.

Sir *Epicure*, I shall leaue you. MAM. I follow you, streight.
FAC. But doe so, good Sir, to auoide suspicion.
This Gent'man has a par'lous head. MAM. But wilt thou
Be constant to thy promise? FAC. As my life, Sir.
MAM. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and praise me?
And say I am a Noble fellow? FAC. O what else, Sir?
And, that you'll make her royall, with the *Stone*,
An *Empresse*; and your selfe King of *Bantam*.
MAM. Wilt thou doe this? FAC. Will I Sir? MAM. *Lungs*, my *Lungs*,
I loue thee. FAC. Send your stuffe Sir, that my Master
May busie himselfe, about proiection.
MAM. Th'hast witch'd me, Rogue: Take, Goe. FAC. Your Iack and all Sir.
MAM, Thou art a Villaine — I will send my Iack;
And the weights too. Slaue, I could bite thine eare.
Away, thou dost not care for me. FAC. Not I Sir?
MAM. Come, I was borne to make thee, my good Weasell;
Set thee on a bench: and, ha'thee twirle a Chaine
With the best Lords Vermine, of 'hem all. FAC. Away Sir.
MAM. A *Count*, nay a *Count-Palatine* — FAC. Good Sir, goe.
MAM. Shall not aduance thee, better; no, nor faster.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 4.

SVBTLE. FACE. DOL.

HAs he bitt? Has he bit? FAC. And swallow'd too, my *Subtle*.
I ha' giu'n him line, and now he playes, I faith.
SVB. And shall we twitch him? FAC. Thorough both the gills.
A Wench is a rare bayt, with which a Man
No sooner's taken, but he straight firkes mad.
SVB. *Dol*, my Lord *Whachums* Sister, you must now
Beare your selfe statelich. DOL. O, let me alone.
I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.
I'll keepe my distance, laugh, and talke aloud;
Haue all the trickes of a proud sciruy Lady:

And

And be as rude 'as her woman. FAC. Well said, *sanguine.*
SVB. But will he send his Andirons? FAC. His Iack too;
And's iron Shooing-horne. I ha'spoke to him. Well,
I must not loose my wary Gamster, yonder.
SVB. O *Monsieur Caution*, that will not be gull'd?
FAC. I, if I can strike a fine hooke into him, now,
The *Temple-church*, there I haue cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it. SVB. What, more *Gudgeons*!
Dol, scout, scout; stay *Face*, you must goe to the dore.
'Pray God, it be my *Anabaptist*. Who is't *Dol*?
DOL. I know him not. He lookes like a Gold-end man.
SVB. Gods so! 'tis he, he said he would send. What call you him?
The *sanctified Elder*, that should deale
For *Mammons*, Iack, and Andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me of, first, with my gowne. Away
Ma-dame, to your withdrawing Chamber. Now,
In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent, from one negotiates with me
About the stone, too; for the *holy Brethren*
Of *Amstredam*; the *exil'd Saints*: that hope
To raise their *discipline*, by it. I must vse him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire me.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 5.

SVBTLE. FACE. ANANIAS.

WHere is my Drudge? FAC. Sir. SVB. Take away the Recipient,
And rectifie your *Menstrue*, from the *Phlegma*.
Then poure it, 'o the *Sol*, in the Cucurbite,
And let 'hem macerate, together. FAC. Yes, Sir.
And saue the ground? SVB. No. *Terra damnata*
Must not haue entrance, in the *worke*. Who are you?
ANA. A *faithfull Brother*, if it please you. SVB. What's that?
A *Lullianist*? a *Ripley*? *Filius artis*?
Can you *sublime*, and *dulcefie*, *calcine*?

Know

Know you the *ſapor pontick*? *ſapor ſtipſtick*?
Or, what is *Homogene*, or *Heterogene*?
ANA. I vnderſtand no *Heathen* language, truely.
SVB. *Heathen*, you *Knipper-doling*? Is *Ars ſacra*,
Or *Chryſopœia*, or *Spagirica*,
Or the *Pamphyſick*, or *Panarchick* knowledge,
A *Heathen* language? ANA. *Heathen Greeke*, I take it.
SVB. How? *Heathen Greeke*? ANA. All's *Heathen*, but the *Hebrew*.
SVB. S'rah, my Varlet, ſtand you forth, and ſpeake to him
Like a *Philoſopher*: Anſwere, i'the language.
Name the vexations, and the Martyrizations
Of Mettalls, in the Worke. FAC. Sir, *Putrefaction*,
Solution, *Ablution*, *Sublimation*,
Cohobation, *Calcination*, *Ceration*, and
Fixation. SVB. This is *Heathen Greeke*, to you, now?
And when comes *Vinification*? FAC. After *Mortification*.
SVB. What's *Cohobation*? FAC. 'Tis the powring on
Your *Aqua Regis*, and then drawing him off,
To the *trine circle* of the *ſeuen ſpheares*.
SVB. What's the proper paſſion of Mettalls? FAC. *Malleation*.
SVB. What's your *Vltimum ſupplicium auri*? FAC. *Antimonium*.
SVB. This's *Heathen Greek*, to you? And, what's your *Mercury*?
FAC. A very *Fugitiue*, he will be gone, Sir.
SVB. How know you him? FAC. By his *viſcoſitie*,
His *oleoſitie*, and his *ſuſcitabilitie*.
SVB. How do you *ſublime* him? FAC. With the *calce of Egge-ſhels*,
White *Marble*, *Talck*. SVB. Your *Magiſterium*, now?
What's that? FAC. Shifting, Sir, your *elements*,
Dry into cold, cold into moyſt, moiſt in-
To hot, hot into dry. SVB. This's *Heathen Greeke* to you, ſtill?
Your *Lapis Philoſophicus*? FAC. 'Tis a *Stone*, and not
A *Stone*, a *ſpirit*, a *ſoule*, and a *body*;
Which, if you doe *diſſolue*, it is *diſſolu'd*,
If you *coagulate*, it is *coagulated*,
If you make it to *flye*, it *flyeth*. SVB. Inough.
This's *Heathen Greeke*, to you? What are you Sir.

ANA. Please you, a Seruant of the *exilde Brethren*,
That deale with Widdowes, and with Orphanes goods;
And make a iuſt account, vnto the *Saints*:
A *Deacon*. SVB. O, you are ſent from Mr. *Wholſome*,
Your Teacher? ANA. From *Tribulation Wholſome*,
Our very zealous *Paſtor*. SVB. Good. I haue
Some Orphanes goods to come here. ANA. Of what kind, Sir?
SVR. Peuter, and Braſſe, Andirons, and Kitchin ware,
Mettalls, that we muſt vſe our med'cine on:
Wherein the *Brethren* may haue a penn'orth.
For ready money. ANA. Were the Orphanes Parents
Sincere profeſſors? SVB. Why doe you aske? ANA. Becauſe
We then are to deale iuſtly, and giue (in truth)
Their vtmoſt valew. SVB. 'Slid, you'ld coſſen, elſe,
And, if their Parents were not of the *Faithfull*?
I will not truſt you, now I thinke on't,
Till I ha' talk'd with your *Paſtor*. Ha' you brought money
To buy more Coales? ANA. No ſurely. SVB. No? How ſo?
ANA. The *Brethren* bid me ſay vnto you, Sir.
Surely, they will not venter any more,
Till they may ſee *proiection*. SVB. How! ANA. Yo' haue had,
For the *Inſtruments*, as bricks, and lome, and glaſſes,
Already thirty pound; and, for *Materialls*,
They ſay, ſome ninety more: And, they haue heard, ſince,
That one, at *Hiedelberg*, made it, of an Egge
And a ſmall paper of Pinne-duſt. SVB. What's your name?
ANA My name is *Ananias*. SVB. Out, the Varlet
That coſſend the *Apoſtles*! Hence, away,
Flee *Miſchiefe*; had your *holy Conſiſtory*
No name to ſend me, of another ſound;
Then wicked *Ananias*? Send your *Elders*,
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi' me ſatisfaction; or out goes
The fire: and downe th' *Alembekes*, and the Fornace.
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch,
Both *Sericon*, and *Bufo*, ſhall be loſt,

Tell 'hem. All hope of rooting out the *Bishops*,
Or th' *Antichristian Hierarchie* shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The *Aqueitie*,
Terreity, and *Sulphureitie*
Shall runne together againe, and all be annull'd
Thou wicked *Ananias*. This will fetch 'hem,
And make 'hem hast towards their gulling more.
A man must deale like a rough Nurse, and fright
Those, that are froward, to an appetite.

ACT. 2. SCENE. 6.

FACE. SVBTLE. DRVGGER.

H'is busie with his spirits, but we'll vpon him.
SVB. How now! What Mates? What *Baiards* ha' we here?
FAC. I told you he would be furious. Sir, Here's *Nab*,
Has brought yo' another peece of Gold, to looke on:
(Wee must appease him. Giue it me) and prayes you
You would deuise (what is it *Nab*?) DRV. A signe, Sir.
FAC. I, a good lucky one, a thriuing Signe, Doctor.
SVB. I was deuising now. FAC. 'Slight, doe not say so,
He will repent he ga' you any more.
What say you to his *Constellation*, Doctor?
The Ballance? SVB. No, that way is stale, and Common.
A Townes-Man, borne in *Taurus*, giues the Bull;
Or the Bulls-head: In *Aries*, the Ram.
A poore deuise. No. I will haue his Name
Form'd in some mysticke *character*; whose *radij*,
Striking the senses of the passers by,
Shall, by a virtuall influence, breed affections,
That may result vpon the party owners it:
As thus - FAC. *Nab*. SVB. He first shal haue a Bell, That's *Abell*;
And, by it, standing one, whose name is *Dee*,
In a rugg Gowne; There's *D*. and *Rug*, that's *Drug*:
And, right anenst him, a *Dog* snarling *Er*;
There's *Drugger*, *Abel Drugger*. That's his signe.

And here's now *Mystery*, and *Hieroglyphick*.
Abell, thou art made. DRV. Sir, I doe thanke his Worship.
FAC. Sixe o'thy legges more, will not doe it, *Nab*.
He has brought you a pipe of *Tobacco*, Doctor. DRV. Yes, Sir.
I haue another thing, I would impart —
FAC. Out with it *Nab*. DRV. Sir, there is lodg'd hard by me
A rich yong Widdow. FAC. Good! a *Bona roba*?
DRV. But nineteene, at the most. FAC. Very good, *Abel*.
DRV. Mary sh'is not in fashion, yet; she weares
A hood: but't stands a cop. FAC. No matter *Abel*.
DRV. And, I doe, now and then, giue her a *fucus*,
FAC. What dost thou deale, *Nab*? SVB. I did tell you, Captaine.
DRV. And physick too sometime, Sir, for which she trusts me
With all her minde. Shee's come vp here, of purpose
To learne the fashion. FAC. Good, His match too! on *Nab*.
DRV. And she do's strangely long to know her fortune.
FAC. Gods lid, *Nab*! Send her to the Doctor, hether.
DRV. Yes, I haue spoke to her of his Worship, already:
But shee's afrayd, it will be blowne abroad
And hurt her Marriage. FAC. Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heale it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Follow'd and sought: *Nab*, thou shalt tell her this.
Shee'll be more knowne, more talk'd of, and your Widowes
Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their Honour is their multitude of Sutors.
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou dost not know. DRV. No, Sir, shee'll neuer mary
Vnder a Knight. Her brother has made a Vow.
FAC. What, and dost thou despayre, my little *Nab*,
Knowing, what the Doctor has set downe for thee,
And seeing so many, o'the Citie, dub'd?
One Glasse o'thy water, with a *Madame* I know
Will haue it done *Nab*. What's her brother? a Knight?
DRV. No, Sir, A Gentleman, newly, warme in his land, Sir,
Scarse cold in his one and twenty; that do's gouerne
His Sister, here: and is a Man himselfe

Of some three thousand a yeere, and is come vp
To learne to quarrell, and to liue by his wittes,
And will goe downe againe, and dye i'the Countrey.
FAC. How! to quarrell? DRV. Yes, Sir, to carry Quarrells,
As Gallants doe, and manage 'hem, by line.
FAC. 'Slid *Nab*. The Doctor is the onely man
In *Christendome* for him. He has made a *Table*,
With *Mathematicall demonstrations*,
Touching the *Art* of Quarrells. He will giue him
An Instrument to quarrell by. Goe, bring 'hem, both;
Him, and his Sister. And, for thee, with her
The Doctor happ'ly may perswade. Goe to.
'Shalt giue his Worship, a new Damaske suite
Vpon the premisses. SVB. O good Captaine. FAC. He shall,
He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Say not,
No offers, bring the Damaske, and the Parties.
DRV. I'll try my power, Sir. FAC. And thy will too, *Nab*.
SVB. 'Tis good *Tobacco* this! What is't an ounce?
FAC. Hee'll send you a pound, Doctor. SVB. O, no: FAC. Hee will do't.
It is the gooddest soule. *Abell* about it.
(Thou shalt know more anone. Away, be gone.)
A miserable Rogue, and liues with Cheese,
And has the wormes. That was the cause indeed
Why he came now. He dealt with me, in priuate,
To get a med'cine for 'hem. SVB. And shall, Sir. This workes.
FAC. A wife, a wife, for one on' vs, my deare *Subtle*:
Wee'll eene draw lots, and he, that fayles, shall haue
The more in goods, the other has in tayle.
SVB. Rather the lesse. For she may be so light
She may want graynes. FAC. I, or be such a burden,
A man would scarse endure her, for the whole.
SVB. Faith, best let's see her first, and then determine.
FAC. Content. But *Doll* must ha' no breath on't. SVB. Mum.
Away, you to your *Surly* yonder, Catch him.
FAC. 'Pray God I ha'not stayd too long. SVB. I feare it.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 1.

TRIBVLATION. ANANIAS.

THese Chastisements are common to the *Saints*,
And such rebukes th'*Elect* must beare, with patience;
They are the exercises of the Spirit,
And sent to tempt our fraylties. ANA. In pure zeale,
I doe not like the man: He is a *Heathen*,
And speakes the language of *Canaan*, truely.
TRI. I thinke him a prophane person, indeed. ANA. He beares
The visible marke of the *beast*, in his forehead.
And for his *Stone*, it is a worke of darknesse,
And, with *Philosophie*, blinds the eyes of man.
TRI. Good Brother, we must bend vnto all meanes,
That may giue furtherance, to the *holy cause*.
ANA. Which his cannot: The *sanctified cause*
Should haue a *sanctified course*. TRI. Not alwaies necessary.
The Children of perdition are, oft times,
Made instruments euen of the greatest workes.
Beside, we should giue somewhat to mans nature,
The place he liues in, still about the Fire,
And fume of Mettalls, that intoxicate
The brayne of Man, and make him prone to passion.
Where haue you greater *Atheists*, then your Cookes?
Or more prophane, or cholerick then your Glasse-men?
More *Antichristian* then your Bell-founders?
What makes the *Diuell* so diuelish, I would aske you,
Sathan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boyling
Brimstone, and *Arsnike*? We must giue, I say,
Vnto the motiues, and the stirrers vp
Of humors in the blood. It may be so.
When as the *Worke* is done, the *Stone* is made,
This heate of his may turne into a zeale,
And stand vp for the *beauteous discipline*,

Against

Against the menstruous cloth, and ragg of *Reme.*
We must awayt his calling, and the comming
Of the good Spirit. You did fault, t' vpbraid him
With the *Brethrens* blessing of *Heidelberg*, waighing
What neede we haue, to hasten on the Worke,
For the restoring of the *silenc'd Saints*,
Which ne'er will be, but by the *Philosophers Stone.*
And, so a learned *Elder*, one of *Scotland*,
Assur'd me; *Aurum potabile* being
The onely med'cine, for the ciuill *Magistrate*,
T'incline him to a feeling of the cause:
And must be dayly vs'd, in the disease.
ANA. I haue not ædified more, truely, by man;
Not, since the *beautifull light*, first, shone on mee:
And I am sad my zeale hath so offended.
TRI. Let vs call on him, then. ANA. The motion's good.
And of the Spirit; I will knock first: Peace be within.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 2.

SVBTLE. TRIBVLATION. ANANIAS.

O Are you come? 'Twas time. Your threescore minutes
Were at the last thred, you see, And, downe had gone
Furnus acediæ, Turris circulatorius,
Lembeke, Bolts-head, Retort, and *Pellicane*
Had all beene cinders. Wicked *Ananias!*
Art thou return'd? Nay then it goes downe, yet.
TRI. Sir, be appeased, Hee is come to humble
Himselfe in Spirit, and to aske your patience,
If too much zeale hath carried him, aside,
From the due path. SVB. Why, this doth qualifie.
TRI. The *Brethren* had no purpose, verely,
To giue you the least greeuance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands, to any proiect
The Spirit, and you direct. SVB. This qualifies more.
TRI. And, for the Orphanes goods, let them be valew'd,

Or

Or what is needfull, elſe, to the holy Worke,
It ſhall be numbred: Here, by me, the *Saints*
Throw downe their purſe before you. SVB. This qualifies, moſt.
Why, thus it ſhould be, now you vnderſtand.
Haue I diſcourſ'd ſo vnto you, of our *Stone?*
And, of the good that it ſhall bring your cauſe?
Shew'd you, (beſide the mayne of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the *Hollanders*, your friends,
From the' *Indies*, to ſerue you, with all their Fleete)
That euen the med'cinall vſe ſhall make you a faction,
And party in the Realme: As, put the caſe,
That ſome great Man, in ſtate, he haue the Gout,
Why you but ſend three droppes of your *Elixir*,
You help him ſtraight: There you haue made a Friend.
Another has the Palſey, or the Dropſie,
He takes of your incombuſtible ſtuffe,
Hee's yong againe: There you haue made a Friend.
A Lady, that is paſt the feate of body,
Though not of minde, and hath her face decay'd
Beyond all cure of painting; you reſtore
With the Oyle of *Talck*: There you haue made a Friend.
And all her friends. A Lord, that is a *Leper*,
A Knight, that has the bone-ache, or a Squire
That hath both theſe, you make 'hem ſmooth, and ſound,
With a bare *fricace* of your med'cine: Still,
You increaſe your Friends. TRI. I, 'tis very prægnant.
SVB. And, then, the turning of this Lawyers pewter
To plate, at *Chriſt-maſſe*. ANA. *Chriſt-tide*, I pray you.
SVB. Yet, *Ananias*? ANA. I haue done. SVB. Or changing
His parcell guilt, to maſſy Gold. You cannot
But raiſe you Friends. With all, to be of power
To pay an armie, in the field; to buy
The *King* of *France*, out of his Realmes; or *Spaine*,
Out of his *Indies*: What can you not doe,
Againſt Lords *Spirituall*, or *Temporall*,
That ſhall oppone you? TRI. Verely, 'tis true.

We may be *temporall Lords*, our ſelues, I take it.
SVB. You may be any thing, and leaue of to make
Long-winded exerciſes: or ſuck vp,
Your *ha*, and *hum*, in a tune. I not deny,
But ſuch as are not graced, in a State,
May, for their endes, be aduerſe in Religion,
And get a tune, to call the flocke together:
For (to ſay ſooth) a tune do's much, with women,
And other phlegmatick people, It is your Bell.
ANA. Bells are prophane, a tune may be religious.
SVB. No warning with you? Then, farewell my patience.
'Slight, it ſhall downe: I will not be thus tortur'd.
TRI. I pray you, Sir. SVB. All ſhall periſh. I haue ſpoke it.
TRI. Let me finde grace, Sir, in your eyes; The man
He ſtands corrected: neither did his zeale
(But as your ſelfe) allow a tune, ſome-where.
Which, now, being to'ard the Stone, we ſhall not need.
SVB. No, nor your holy vizard, to winne Widdowes
To giue you *Legacies*; or make zealous Wiues
To rob their Husbands, for the *common cauſe*;
Nor take the ſtart of Bandes, broke but one day,
And ſay, *they were forfeited, by prouidence.*
Nor ſhall you neede, ore night, to eate huge meales,
To celebrate your next dayes faſt the better:
The whilſt the *Brethren*, and the *Siſters*, humbled,
Abate the ſtiffeneſſe of the fleſh; Nor caſt
Before your hungry hearers, ſcrupulous bones,
As whether a *Chriſtian* may hawke, or hunt;
Or whether, *Matrons, of the holy Aſſembly*,
May lay their haire out, or weare doublets,
Or haue that Idol *Starch*, about their linnen.
ANA. It is indeed an Idoll. TRI. Minde him not, Sir.
I doe command thee, Spirit (of zeale, but trouble)
To peace within him. Pray you Sir, goe on.
SVB. Nor ſhall you need to libell 'gainſt the *Prelates*,
And ſhorten ſo your eares, againſt the hearing

Of the next wire-drawne Grace. Nor, of neceſſitie,
Rayle againſt playes, to pleaſe the *Alderman*,
Whoſe dayly Cuſtard you deuoure. Nor lie
With zealous rage, till you are hoarſe. Not one
Of theſe ſo ſingular artes. Nor call your ſelues,
By names of *Tribulation*, *Perſecution*,
Reſtraint, *Long-Patience*, and ſuch like, affected
By the whole Family, or Wood of you,
Onely for glory, and to catch the eare
Of the *Diſciple*. TRI. Truely, Sir, they are
Wayes, that the *Godly Brethren* haue inuented,
For propagation of the *holy cauſe*,
As very notable meanes; and whereby, alſo,
Themſelues grow ſoone, and profitably famous.
SVB. O, but the *Stone*, all's idle to'it! nothing!
The art of *Angels*, *Natures* miracle,
The *diuine ſecret*, that doth flye in clouds,
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*: and whoſe Tradition
Is not from men but ſpirits. ANA. I hate *Traditions*.
I doe not truſt 'hem. TRI. Peace. ANA. They are *Popiſh*, all.
I will not peace. I will not — TRI. *Ananias*.
ANA. Pleaſe the prophane, to greeue the godly. I may not.
SVB. Well, *Ananias*, thou ſhalt ouercome.
TRI. It is an ignorant zeale, that haunts him, Sir.
But truely, elſe, a very faithfull *Brother*;
A Botcher: and a man, by reuelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the Truth.
SVB. Has he a competent ſumme, there, i'the bagg,
To buy the goods, within? I am made Guardian,
And muſt, for Charitie, and Conſcience ſake,
Now, ſee the moſt be made, for my poore Orphane.
Though I deſire the *Brethren*, too, good Gayners.
There, they are, within. When you haue view'd, & bought 'hem,
And tane the Inuentory of what they are,
They 'are ready for *proiection*; there's no more
To doe; Caſt on the *med'cine*: So much Siluer
As there is Tinne there, ſo much Gold as Braſſe,

I'll gi' it you in, by waight. TRI. But how long time,
Sir, must the *Saints* expect, yet? SVB. Let me see,
How's the Moone, now? Eight, nine, ten dayes hence
He will be *Silver potate*; then, three dayes,
Before he *citronise*: some fifteene dayes,
The *Magisterium* will be perfected.
ANA. About the second day, of the third weeke,
In the ninth Month? SVB. Yes my good *Ananias*.
TRI. What will the Orphanes goods arise to, thinke you?
SVB. Some hundred Markes; as much as fill'd three Carres,
Vnladed now: you shall make sixe millions of 'hem.
But I must ha' more coales laid in. TRI. How! SVB. Another load,
And then we ha' finish'd. We must now encrease
Our fire to *Ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, Balnei, Cineris,
And all those lenter heates. If the holy Purse
Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the *Saints*
Doe need a present summe; I haue trick
To melt the Pewter, you shall buy now, instantly,
And, with a tincture, make you as good *Dutch* Dollers,
As any are in *Holland*. TRI. Can you so?
SVB. I, and shall bide the third examination.
ANA. It will be ioyfull tidings to the *Brethren*.
SVB. But you must cary it, secret. TRI. I, but stay,
This act of coyning, is it lawfull? ANA. Lawfull?
We know no Magistrate. Or, if we did,
This's forraine coyne. SVB. It is no coyning, Sir.
It is but casting. TRI. Ha? you distinguish well.
Casting of money may be lawfull. ANA. 'Tis, Sir.
TRI. Truely, I take it so. SVB. There is no scruple
Sir, to be made of it; beleeue *Ananias*.
This case of conscience he is studied in.
TRI. I'll make a question of it, to the *Brethren*.
ANA. The *Brethren* shall approue it lawfull, doubt not.
Where shall't be done? SVB. For that wee'l talke, anone.
There's some to speake with me. Goe in, I pray you,

And viewe the parcels. That's the Inuentory.
I'll come to you ſtraight. Who is it? *Face?* Appeare.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 3.

SVBTLE. FACE. DOL.

HOw now? Good priſe? FAC. Good poxe. Yond' coſtiue Cheater
Neuer came on. SVB. How then? FAC. I ha' walkd the round,
Till now, and no ſuch thing. SVB. And ha' you quit him?
FAC. Quit him? and Hell would quit him too, he were happy.
'Slight would you haue me ſtalke like a Mill-Iade,
All day, for one, that will not yeeld vs Graynes?
I know him of old. SVB. O, but to ha' gull'd him,
Had beene a mayſtry. FAC. Let him goe, black Boy,
And turne thee, that ſome freſh newes may poſſeſſe thee.
A noble *Count*, a *Don* of *Spaine* (my deare
Delicious compeere, and my party-baud)
Who is come hether, priuate, for his Conſcience,
And brought munition with him, ſixe great ſlopps,
Bigger then three *Dutch* Hoighs, beſide round trunkes,
Furniſh'd with Piſtolets, and Peeces of eight,
Will ſtraight be here, my Rogue, to haue thy Bath.
That is the colour, and to make his battry
Vpon our *Dol*, our Caſtle, our *Cinque*-Port,
Our *Doner* Pire, our what thou wilt. Where is ſhee?
She muſt prepare perfumes, delicate linnen,
The bath in chiefe, a banquet, and her wit,
For ſhe muſt feele his *Epididimis*.
Where is the *Doxie*? SVB. I'll ſend her to thee:
And but diſpatch my brace of little *Iohn Leydens*,
And come againe my ſelfe. FAC. Are they within then?
SVB. Numbring the ſumme. FAC. How much? SVB. A hundred markes, boy.
FAC. Why this's a lucky day. Ten pounds of *Mammon*?
Three o' my Clearke. A Portague o' my Grocer.

This

This o'the *Brethren*, beſide Reuerſions,
And States, to come i'the Widdow, and my *Count*.
My ſhare, to day, will not be bought for forty — Dol. What?
Fac. Pounds, dainty *Dorothee*, art thou ſo neare?
Dol. Yes, ſay Lo: *Generall*; how fares our Campe?
Fac. As, with the few, that had entrench'd themſelues
Safe, by their diſcipline, againſt a world, *Dol*:
And laugh'd, within thoſe trenches, and grew fat
With thinking on the booties, *Dol*, brought in
Dayly, by their ſmall parties. This deare hower,
A doughty *Don* is taken, with my *Doll*;
And thou maiſt make his ranſome, what thou wilt,
My *Douſabell*: He ſhall be brought here, fetter'd
With thy fayre lookes, before he ſee's thee, and throwne
In a Downe-bed, as darke as any Dungeon;
Where thou ſhalt keepe him waking, with thy Drum;
Thy Drum, my *Dol*; thy Drum; till he be tame
As the poore Black-birds were i'the great froſt,
Or Bees are with a baſon: and ſo hiue him
I'the Swan-skin Couerlid, and cambrick Sheetes,
Till he worke Honey, and Waxe, my little *Gods-guift*.
Dol. What is he, Generall. Fac. An *Adalantado*,
A *Grande*, Girle. Was not my *Dapper* here, yet?
Dol. No. Fac. Nor my *Drugger*? Dol. Neither. Fac. A poxe
on'hem,
They are ſo long a furniſhing. Such Stinkards
Would not be ſeene, vpon theſe feſtiuall dayes.
How now! ha'you done? Svb. Done. They are gone. The ſumme
Is here in Banque, my *Face*. I would, we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'hem outright.
Fac. 'Slid, *Nab* ſhall doo't, againſt he ha' the Widdow,
To furniſh houſhould. Svb. Excellent well thought on,
Pray God, he come. Fac. I pray, he keepe away
Till our new buſineſſe be o're-paſt. Svb. But, *Face*,
How cam'ſt thou, by this ſecret *Don*? A Spirit
Brought me th'intelligence, in a paper, here,

As I was coniuring, yonder, in my Circle
For *Surly*: I ha' my Flies abroad. Your Bath
Is famous *Subtle*, by my meanes. Sweet *Doll*,
You must goe tune your Virginall, no looſing
O'the leaſt time. And, doe you heare? good action.
Firke like a Flounder, kiſſe like a Scallop, cloſe;
And tickle him with thy Mother-tongue. His great
Verdugo-ſhip has not a iot of language:
So much the eaſier to be coſſin'd, my *Dolly*.
He will come here, in a hir'd Coach, obſcure,
And our owne Coachman, whom I haue ſent, as Guide,
No creature elſe. Who's that? SVB. Is't i'not he?
FAC. O no, not yet this hower. SVB. Who is't? DOL. *Dapper*,
Your Clearke. FAC. Gods will, then, *Queene of Faerie*,
On with your tire; and, Doctor, with your robes.
Lett's vs diſpatch him, for Gods ſake. SVB. 'Twill be long.
FAC. I warrant you, take but the Q Q^s. I giue you,
It ſhall be briefe inough, 'Slight, here are more.
Abel, and I thinke, the angry Boy, the Heyre,
That faine would quarrell. SVB. And the Widdow? FAC. No,
Not that I ſee. Away. O Sir, you are welcome.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 4.

FACE. DAPPER. DRVGGER. KASTRIL.

THe Doctor is within, a mouing for you;
I haue had the moſt adoe to winne him to it;
He ſweares, you'll be the Dearling o'the Dice:
He neuer heard her *Highnes* doate, till now.
Your Aunt has giu'n you the moſt gracious words,
That can be thought on. DAP. Shall I ſee her *Grace*?
FAC. See her, and kiſſe her too. What? honeſt *Nab*!
Ha'ſt brought the Damaske? *Nab*. No Sir, here's *Tobacco*.
FAC. 'Tis Well done. Thou'lt bring the Damaske too?
DRV. Yes, here's the Gentleman, Captaine, Mr. *Kaſtrill*,
I haue brought to ſee the Doctor. FAC. Where's the Widdow?

DRV.

DRV. Sir, as he likes, his Sister (he sayes) shall come.
FAC. O, is it so? Good time. Is your name *Kastrill*, Sir?
KAS. I, and the best o'the *Kastrills*, I'lld be sory else,
By fifteene hundred, a yeare. Where is this Doctor?
My mad *Tobacco*-Boy, here, tells me of one,
That can doe things. Has he any skill? FAC. Wherein, Sir?
KAS. To cary a busines, manage a Quarrell, fayrely,
Vpon fit termes. FAC. It seemes Sir, yo' are but yong
About the towne, that can make that a question.
KAS. Sir, not so yong, but I haue heard some speech
Of the angry Boyes, and seene 'hem take *Tobacco*;
And in his shop: and I can take it too.
And I would faine be one of 'hem, and goe downe
And practise i'the countrey. FAC. Sir, for the *Duello*,
The Doctor, I assure you, shall informe you,
To the least shadow of a hayre: and shew you,
An Instrument he has, of his owne making,
Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report
Of any Quarrell, but he will take the Height on't,
Most instantly; and tell in what Degree,
Of safty it lies in, or mortalitie.
And, how it may be borne, whether in a *right line*,
Or a *halfe-circle*; or may, else, be cast
Into an *angle blunt*, if not *acute*:
All this he will demonstrate. And then, Rules,
To giue, and take the Lie, by. KAS. How? to take it?
FAC. Yes, in *oblique*, hee'll shew you; or in *circle*:
But neuer in *diameter*. The whole Towne
Study his *Theoremes*, and dispute them, ordinarily,
At the eating *Academies*. KAS. But, dos he teach
Liuing, by the Witts, too? FAC. Any thing, what euer.
You cannot thinke that subtilty, but he reades it.
He made me a Captaine; I was a starke Pimpe,
Iust o'your standing, 'fore I met with him:
It i'not two months since. I'll tell you his method.
First, Hee will enter you, at some Ordinarie.

KAS.

KAS. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon me. FAC. For why, Sir?
KAS. There's gaming there, and tricks. FAC. Why, would you be
A Gallant, and not game? KAS. I, 'twill spend a man.
FAC. Spend you? It will repayre you, when you are spent.
How doe they liue by their wits, there, that haue vented
Sixe times your fortunes? KAS. What, three thousand a yeare?
FAC. I, forty thousand. KAS. Are there such? FAC. I Sir.
And Gallants, yet. Here's a yong Gentleman,
Is borne to nothing, forty markes a yeare,
Which I count nothing. H'is to be initiated,
And haue a *Flye* o'the Doctor. He will winne you
By vnresistable luck, within this fortnight,
Inough to buy a *Baronry*. They will set him
Vpmost, at the *Groome-Porters*, all the *Christmasse*.
And, for the whole yeare through, at euery place,
Where there is play, present him with the Chayre,
The best attendance, the best drinke, sometimes
Two glasses of *Canarie*, and pay nothing;
The purest linnen, and the sharpest knife,
The Partrich next his trencher: and, somewhere,
The dainty bed, in priuate, with the Dainty.
You shall ha'your Ordinaries bid for him,
As Play-houses for a *Poet*; and the Master
Pray him, aloud, to name what Dish he affects,
Which must be butterd Shrimpes: and those, that drinke
To no mouth else, will drinke to his, as being
The goodly *President*-Mouth of all the boord.
KAS. Doe you not gull one? FAC. God's my life! Doe you thinke it?
You shall haue a cast Commander, can but get
In credit with a Glouer, or a Spurrier,
For some two payre, of eythers ware, afore-hand,
Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
Arriue at competent meanes, to keepe himselfe,
His Punke, and naked Boy, in excellent fashion.

And

And be admir'd for't. KAS. Will the Doctor teach this?
FAC. He will doe more, Sir, when your Land is gone,
(As men of Spirit hate to keepe earth long)
In a Vacation, when ſmall money is ſtirring,
And Ordinaries ſuſpended till the *Tearme*,
Hee'll ſhew a *Perſpectiue*, where on one ſide
You ſhall behold the faces, and the perſons
Of all ſufficient yong Heyres, in towne,
Whoſe bonds are currant for commoditie;
On th'other ſide, the Merchants formes, and others,
That, without help of any ſecond Broker,
(Who would expect a ſhare) will truſt ſuch parcells:
In the third ſquare, the very ſtreete, and ſigne
Where the Commoditie dwels, and do's but wait
To be deliuer'd, be it Pepper, Sope,
Hopps, or *Tobacco*, Ote-meale, Woad, or Cheeſes.
All which you may ſo handle, to enioy,
To your owne vſe, and neuer ſtand oblig'd.
KAS. I faith! Is he ſuch a fellow? FAC. Why, *Nab* here knowes him.
And then for making matches, for rich Widdowes,
Yong Gentlewomen, Heyres, the fortunat'ſt Man!
Hee's ſent too farre, and neare, all ouer *England*
To haue his counſell, and to know their Fortunes.
KAS. Gods will, my Suſter ſhall ſee him. FAC. I'll tell you, Sir,
What he did tell me of *Nab*. It's a ſtrange thing,
(By the way you muſt eate no Cheeſe, *Nab*, it breedes Melancholy:
And that ſame Melancholy breedes wormes) but paſſe it,
He told me honeſt *Nab*, here, was ne'er at Tauerne,
But once in's life. DRV. Truth, and no more I was not.
FAC. And, then he was ſo ſick—DRV. Could he tell you that, too?
FAC. How ſhould I know it? DRV. In troth wee had beene a ſhooting,
And had a peece of fat Ram-Mutton, to ſupper,
That lay ſo heauy o'my ſtomack—FAC. And he has no head

To beare any Wine; for, what with the noyse o'the Fiddlers,
And care of his shop, for he dares keepe no Seruants —
DRV. My head did so ake -- FAC. As he was faine to be brought home,
The Doctor told me. And then a good Old Woman —
DRV. (Yes faith she dwels in *Seacoale*-lane) did cure me,
With sodden Ale, and Pellitorie o'the Wall;
Cost me but two pence. I had another sicknesse,
Was worse then that. FAC. I, that was with the griefe
Thou took'st for being seast at eighteene pence,
For the water-worke DRV. In truth, and it was like
T'haue cost me almost my life. FAC. Thy hayre went off?
DRV. Yes, Sir, twas done for spight. FAC. Nay, so sayes the Doctor.
KAS. Pray thee *Tobacco*-Boy, Goe fetch my Suster,
I'll see this learned Boy, before I goe:
And so shall she. FAC. Sir, he is busie now:
But, if you haue a Sister to fetch hether,
Perhaps, your owne paines may command her sooner;
And he, by that time, will be free. KAS. I goe, Sir.
FAC. *Drugger*, shee's thine; the Damaske. *Subtle*, and I
Must wrastle for her. Come on, Mr. *Dapper*.
You see, how I turne Clients, here, away,
To giue your cause dispatch. Ha' you perform'd
The ceremonies were inioyn'd you? DAP. Yes, o'the Vinegar,
And the cleane shirt. FAC. 'Tis well: that shirt may doe you
More Worship then you thinke. Your Aunt's a fire
But that she will not shew it, t'haue a sight on you.
Ha' you prouided for her *Graces* Seruants?
DAP. Yes. here are six-score *Edward* shillings. FAC. Good.
DAP. And an old *Harry's* Soueraigne. FAC. Very good.
DAP. And three *Iames* shillings, and an *Elizabeth* groat,
Iust twenty nobles. FAC. O, you are too iust.
I would you had had the other Noble in *Maries*.
DAP. I haue some *Philip* and *Maries*. FAC. I those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hearke, the Doctor.

ACT. 3. SCENE. 5.

SVBTLE. FACE. DAPPER. DOL.

IS yet her *Graces* Coſſen come? FAC. He is come.
SVB. And is he faſting? FAC. Yes. SVB. And hath cry'd *Hum*?
FAC. Thriſe, you muſt anſwere. DAP. Thriſe. SVB. And as oft
Buz?
FAC. If you haue, ſay. DAP. I haue. SVB. Then, to her Cuz,
Hoping, that he hath vinegard his ſenſes,
As he was bid, the *Faery Queene* diſpenſes,
By me, this Robe, the Peticoate of *Fortune*;
Which that he ſtraight put on, ſhe doth importune.
And though to *Fortune* neere be her Peticoate,
Yet, nearer is her Smock, the *Queene* doth note:
And, therefore, euen of that a piece ſhe hath ſent,
Which, being a Child, to wrap him in, was rent;
And prayes him, for a ſcarfe, he now will weare it
(With as much loue, as then her *Grace* did teare it)
About his eyes, to ſhew, he is fortunate.
And, truſting vnto her to make his State,
Hee'll throw away all worldly pelfe, about him;
Which that hee will performe, ſhe doth not doubt him.
FAC. She need not doubt him, Sir Alaſſe, he has nothing,
But what he will part withall, as willingly,
Vpon her *Graces* word (Throw away your purſe)
As ſhe would aske it, (hand-kerchieſes, and all)
She cannot bid that thing, but hee'll obay.
If you haue a Ring, about you, caſt it off,
Or a ſiluer ſeale, at your wriſt, her *Grace* will ſend
Her *Faeries* here to ſearch you, therefore deale
Directly with her *Highneſſe*. If they finde
That you conceale a mite, you are vndone.
DAP. Truely ther's all. FAC. All what? DAP. My money, truly.
FAC. Keepe nothing, that is tranſitorie, about you.
Bid *Dol* play muſique. Looke, the *Elues* are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Aduiſe you.

DAP. O, I haue a paper with a Spur-riall in't. FAC. *Ti, ti,*
They knew't, they say. SVB. *Ti, ti, ti, ti,* he has more yet.
FAC. *Ti, ti ti ti.* I'the tother pocket? SVB. *Titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him, or he will neuer confesse, they say.
DAP. O, ô. FAC. Nay, 'pray you hold. Hee is her *Graces* Nephew.
Tititi? What care you? Good faith, you shall care.
Deale plainely, Sir, and shame the *Faeries*. Shew
You are an Innocent. DAP. By this good light, I ha' nothing,
SVB. *Titi, titi to ta.* He dos æquiuocate, she sayes:
Ti, ti do ti, titi do, ti da. And sweares by the light, when he is blinded.
DAP. By this good darke, I ha' nothing but a halfe-Crowne
Of Gold, about my wrist, that my Loue gaue me;
And a leaden Heart I wore, sin' she forsooke me.
FAC. I thought, 'twas something. And, would you incurre
Your Aunts displeasure for these trifles? Come
I had rather you had throwne away twenty halfe-crownes.
You may weare your leaden Heart still. How now?
SVB. What newes, *Dol*? DOL. Yonders your Knight, Sir *Mammon*.
FAC. Gods lid, We neuer thought of him, till now.
Where is hee? DOL. Here, hard by. H'is at the doore.
SVB. And, you are not ready, now? *Dol*, get his suite.
He must not be sent back. FAC. O by no meanes.
What shall we doe with this same Puffin, here,
Now hee's o'the Spit? SVB. Why lay him backe a while,
With some deuise, *Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti.* Would her *Grace* speake with me?
I come. Help *Dol*. FAC. Who's there? Sir *Epicure*;
My Master's i'the way. Please you to walke
Three or foure turnes, but till his back be turn'd,
And I am for you. Quickly, *Dol*. SVB. Her *Grace*
Commends her kindly to you, Mr. *Dapper*.
DAP. I long to see her *Grace*. SVB. She, now, is set
At Dinner, in her bed; and she has sent you,
From her owne priuate trencher, a dead Mouse,

And a piece of Ginger-bread, to be mery withall,
And ſtay your ſtomacke, leaſt you faint with faſting.
Yet, if you could hold out, till ſhe ſaw you, ſhe ſayes,
It would be better for you. FAC. Sir, He ſhall
Hold out, and 'twere this two howers, for her *Highnes*;
I can aſſure you that. We will not looſe
All we ha' done. SVB. He muſt nor ſee, nor ſpeake
To any body, till then. FAC. For that, we'll put Sir,
A ſtay in 'is mouth. SVB. Of what? FAC. Of Ginger-bread.
Make you it fit. He that hath pleaſ'd her *Grace*,
Thus farre, ſhall not now crinckle, for a little.
Gape Sir, and let him fit you. SVB. Where ſhall we now
Beſtow him? DOL. I'the Priuy. SVB. Come along, Sir
I now muſt ſhew you *Fortunes* priuy lodgings.
FAC. Are they perfum'd? and his bath ready? SVB. All.
Onely the *Fumigation's* ſomewhat ſtrong.
FAC. Sir *Epicure*,, I am yours, Sir, by and by.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 1.

FACE. MAMMON. DOL.

O Sir, yo'are come i'the onely, fineſt time —
MAM. Where's Maſter? FAC. Now preparing for pro-
iection, Sir.
Your ſtuffe will b' all chang'd ſhortly. MAM. Into Gold?
FAC. To Gold, and Siluer, Sir. MAM. Siluer I care not for.
FAC. Yes, Sir, a little to giue Beggars. MAM. Where's the Lady?
FAC. At hand, here. I ha' told her ſuch braue things, on you,
Touching your bounty & your noble Spirit. MAM. Haſt thou?
FAC. As ſhe is almoſt in her fit to ſee you.
But, good Sir, no *Diuinitie* i'your conference
For feare of putting her in rage. MAM. I warrant thee.
FAC. Sixe men will not hold her downe. And, then
If the Old man ſhould heare, or ſee you. MAM. Feare not.
FAC. The very Houſe, Sir, would runne madd. You know it
How ſcrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainſt the leaſt act of ſinne, *Phyſick*, or *Mathematiques*,

Poetry, *State*, or *Baudry* (as I told you)
She will endure and neuer ſtartle: But
No word of Controuerſie. MAM. I am ſchool'd, good *Lungs*.
FAC. And you muſt praiſe her Houſe, remember that,
And her Nobilitie. MAM. Let me, alone:
No *Herald*, no nor *Antiquarie*, *Lungs*,
Shall doe it better. Goe. FAC. Why this is yet
A kinde of *modern happineſſe*, to haue
Dol common for a great Lady. MAM. Now, *Epicure*,
Heighten thy ſelfe, talke to her, all in Gold;
Rayne her as many ſhowers as *Ioue* did dropps
Vnto his *Dame*; Shew the *God* a Miſer,
Compa'rd with *Mammon*. What? the *Stone* will do't.
She ſhall feele Gold, taſt Gold, heare Gold, ſleepe Gold:
Nay, we will *concumbere* Gold. I will be puiſſant,
And mighty in my talke to her. Here ſhe comes.
FAC. To him, *Dol*, ſuckle him. This is the noble Knight,
I told your Ladiſhip. MAM. Madame, with your pardon,
I kiſſe your veſture. DOL. Sir, I were vnciuill
If I would ſuffer that, my lip to you, Sir.
MAM. I hope, my Lord your Brother be in health, Lady?
DOL. My Lord, my Brother is, though I no Lady, Sir.
FAC. Well ſaid my *Guiny-Bird*. MAM. Right noble Madam—
FAC. O, we ſhall haue moſt fierce Idolatry!
MAM. 'Tis your Prerogatiue. DOL. Rather your Courteſie.
MAM. Were there nought elſe t'inlarge your vertues, to me,
Theſe anſweres ſpeake your breeding, and your blood.
DOL. Blood wee boaſt none, Sir, a poore *Baron's* Daughter.
MAM. Poore, and gat you? Prophane not, had your Father
Slept all the happy remnant of his life
After that act, lien but there ſtill, and panted,
H'had done inough, to make himſelfe, his iſſue,
And his poſteritie noble. DOL. Sir, although
We may be ſaid to Want the guilt, and trappings,
The dreſſe of *Honor*; yet we ſtriue to keepe.
The ſeedes, and the *Materiall*. MAM. I doe ſee
The old *Ingredient*, Vertue, was not loſt,

Nor

Nor the *Drug*, Money, vs'd to make your compound.
There is a strange Nobilitie, i'your eye;
This lip, that chinne. Me thinkes you doe resemble
One o'the *Austriack* Princes. FAC. Very like,
Her Father was an *Irish* Coster-monger.
MAM. The house of *Valois*, iust, had such a Nose;
And such a Fore-head, yet, the *Medici*
Of *Florence* boast. DOL. Troth, and I haue beene lik'ned
To all these *Princes*. FAC. I'll be sworne, I heard it.
MAM. I know not, how; It is not any one,
But ee'n the very choise of all their features.
FAC. I'll in, and laugh. MAM. A certaine touch, or ayre,
That sparkles a diuinitie, beyond
An earthly beauty. DOL. O, you play the Courtier.
MAM. Good Lady, gi'me leaue. DOL. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, Sir. MAM. To burne i'this sweet flame:
The *Phœnix* neuer knew a nobler death.
DOL. Nay, now you court, the Courtier, and destroy
What you would build. This Art Sir, i'your words
Calls your whole faith in question. MAM. By my soule. —
DOL. Nay, Others are made o'the same ayre, Sir. MAM. *Nature*
Neuer bestow'd vpon mortalitie,
A more vnblam'd, a more harmonious feature:
She play'd the Step-dame in all faces, else.
Sweet Madame, le' me be particular.
DOL. Particular, Sir? I pray you know your distance.
MAM. In no ill sense; sweet Lady, but to aske
How your fayre *Graces* passe the howers? I see
Yo' are lodg'd, here, i'the house of a rare man,
An excellent Artist; But, what's that to you?
DOL. Yes, Sir. I study here the *Mathematiques*,
And *distillation*. MAM. O, I cry your pardon.
H'is a Diuine Instructer, can extract
The soules of all things, by his art, call all
The vertues, and the miracles of the *Sunne*,
Into a temperate fornace: teach dull *Nature*
What her owne forces are. A man, the *Emp'rour*

Has courted, aboue *Kelley*: ſent his medalls,
And chaines, t'invite him. DOL. I, and for his *Phyſick*, Sir.
MAM. Aboue the art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the enuy of the *Thunderer*.
I know all this, and more. DOL. Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole, with theſe ſtudies, that contemplate *Nature*:
MAM. It is a noble Humor. But, this forme
Was not entended to ſo darke a vſe.
Had you beene crooked, foule, of ſome courſe mould,
A Cloyſter, had done well: but, ſuch a feature
That might ſtand vp the Glory of a Kingdome
To liue recluſe? is a mere *ſolæciſme*,
Though in a *Nunnery*. It muſt not be.
I muſe, my Lord your Brother will permit it:
You ſhould ſpend halfe my Land firſt, were I hee.
Dos not this Diamant better, on my finger,
Then i'the quarry? DOL. Yes. MAM. Why you are like it.
You were created, Lady, for light.
Heare, You ſhall weare it; take it, the firſt pledge
Of what I ſpeake: to binde you, to beleeue me.
DOL. In chaines of Adamant? MAM. Yes, the ſtrongeſt bands:
And take a ſecret, too. Here, by your ſide,
Doth ſtand, this hower, the happieſt man, of *Europe*.
DOL. You are contented, Sir? MAM. Nay, in true being:
The enuy of *Princes*, and the feare of *States*.
DOL, Say you ſo, Sir *Epicure*? MAM. Yes, and thou ſhalt
proue it,
Daughter of Honor. I haue caſt mine eye
Vpon thy forme, and I will reare this beauty.
Aboue all Stiles. DOL. You meane no treaſon, Sir?
MAM. No, I will take away that iealouſie.
I am the Lord, of the *Philoſophers Stone*,
And thou the Lady. DOL. How Sir, ha' you that?
MAM. I am the Maſter of the *Maiſtry*.
This day, the good Old wretch, here, o'the houſe
Has made it for vs. Now, hee's at *proiection*.
Thinke therefore, thy firſt wiſh, now; Let me heare it:

And it ſhall raine into thy lap, no ſhower,
But floods of Gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a Nation on thee. DOL. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To worke on the ambition of our ſexe.
MAM. I'am pleas'd, the Glory of her ſexe ſhould know,
This nooke, here, of the *Friers*, is no climate
For her, to liue obſcurely in, to learne
Phyſick and *Surgery*, for the Conſtables wife
Of ſome odde Hundred in *Eſſex*; but come forth,
And taſt the ayre of *Palaces*, eate, drinke
The toyles of *Empricks*, and their boaſted practiſe:
Tincture of Pearle, and Corall, Gold, and Amber;
Be ſeene at Feaſts, and Triumphs; haue it ask'd,
What Miracle ſhe is? ſet all the Eyes
Of *Court* a fire, like a burning Glaſſe,
And worke 'hem into cinders; when the iewels
Of twenty *States* adorne thee; and the light
Strikes out the Starres; that, when thy name is mention'd,
Queenes may looke pale: and, we, but ſhewing our loue,
Nero's Poppæa may be loſt in ſtory.
Thus will we haue it. DOL. I could well conſent, Sir.
But, in a *Monarchy*, how will this be?
The *Prince* will ſoone take notice, and both ſeize
You, and your *Stone*, it being a wealth vnfit
For any priuate ſubiect. MAM. If he knew it.
DOL. Your ſelfe do boaſt it, Sir. MAM. To thee, my Life.
DOL. O, but beware, Sir. You may come to end
The remnant of your dayes, in a loth'd priſon,
By ſpeaking of it. MAM. 'Tis no idle feare.
Wee'll therefore goe with all, my Girle, and liue
In a free *State*, where wee will eate our Mullets,
Sous'd in high-countrey Wines, ſup Pheſants egges,
And haue our Cockles, boyld in Siluer ſhells,
Our Shrimpes to ſwim again, as when they liu'd,
In a rare butter, made of Dolphins milke,
Whoſe creame do's looke like Opalls: And, with theſe
Delicate meates, ſet our ſelues high for pleaſure;

Has courted, aboue *Kelley* : ſent his medalls,
And chaines, t'invite him. DOL. I, and for his *Phyſick*, Sir.
MAM. Aboue the art of *Æsculapius*,
That drew the enuy of the *Thunderer*.
I know all this, and more. DOL. Troth, I am taken, Sir,
Whole, with theſe ſtudies, that contemplate *Nature*:
MAM. It is a noble Humor. But, this forme
Was not entended to ſo darke a vſe.
Had you beene crooked, foule, of ſome courſe mould,
A Cloyſter, had done well: but, ſuch a feature
That might ſtand vp the Glory of a Kingdome
To liue recluſe? is a mere *ſolæciſme*,
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And haue our Cockles, boyld in Siluer ſhells,
Our Shrimpes to ſwim again, as when they liu'd,
In a rare butter, made of Dolphins milke,
Whoſe creame do's looke like Opalls: And, with theſe
Delicate meates, ſet our ſelues high for pleaſure;

And take vs downe againe; and then renew
Our youth, and ſtrength, with drinking the *Elixir*:
And ſo enioy a perpetuitie
Of life, and luſt. And thou ſhalt ha' thy Wardrobe,
Richer then *Natures*, ſtill, to change thy ſelfe,
And vary oftner, for thy pride, then ſhee:
Or *Art*, her wiſe, and almoſt-æquall ſeruant.
FAC. Sir, you are too loud. I heare you, euery word,
Into the *Laboratory*: ſome fitter place,
The Garden, or great Chamber aboue. How like you her?
MAM. Excellent, *Lungs*. There's for thee. FAC. But, doe you
heare?
Good Sir beware, no mention of the *Rabbines*.
MAM. We thinke not on 'hem. FAC. O, it is well, Sir. *Subtle* —

ACT. 4. SCENE. 2.

FACE. SVBTLE. KASTRIL. DAME PLIANT.

DOſt thou not laugh? SVB. Yes. Are they gone? FAC. All's
cleare.
SVB. The Widdow is come. FAC. And your quarrelling Diſciple?
SVB. I. FAC. I muſt to my Captaine-ſhip againe, then.
SVB. Stay, Bring 'hem in, firſt. FAC. So I meant. What is ſhe?
A *Bony-Bell*? SVB. I know not. FAC. We'll draw lotts,
You'll ſtand to that? SVB. What elſe? FAC. O, for a ſuite,
To fall now, like a Curtine: Flap. SVB. To th'dore, man.
FAC. You'll ha' the firſt kiſſe, 'cauſe I am not ready.
SVB. Yes, and perhaps hit you through both the noſtrills.
FAC. Who would you ſpeake with? KAS. Where's the Captaine?
FAC. Gone, Sir,
About ſome buſines. KAS. Gone? FAC. Hee'l returne ſtraight.
But Mr. Doctor, his Lieutenant, is here.
SVB. Come nere, my Worſhipfull Boy, my *Terræ Fili*,
That is, my Boy of Land; Make thy approches:
Welcome, I know thy luſts, and thy deſires,
And I will ſerue, and ſatisfie 'hem. Beginne.
Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Here's

Here is my Center: Ground thy Quarrell. KAS. You lie.
SVB. How, Child of wrath, and anger! The loud lie?
For what, my sodaine Boy? KAS. Nay, that looke you too;
I am afore-hand. SVB. O, this's no true *Grammar*,
And as ill *Logick*. You must render causes, Child,
Your *first*, and *second Intentions*, know your *Canons*,
And your *Diuisions*, *Moodes*, *Degrees*, and *Differences*,
Your *Prædicaments*, *Substance*, and *Accident*,
Series externe, and *interne*, with their *causes*
Efficient, *materiall*, *formall*, *finall*,
And ha' your *elements* perfect. KAS. What is this
The angry tongue he talkes in? SVB. That false præcept,
Of being aforehand, has deceiu'd a number;
And made 'hem enter Quarrells, oftentimes,
Before they were aware: and afterward,
Against their wills. KAS. How must I doe then, Sir?
SVB. I cry this Lady mercy. She should, first,
Haue been saluted. I doe call you Lady,
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft, and buxome Widdow. KAS. Is she, i-faith?
SVB. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
KAS How know you? SVB. By inspection, on her forehead;
And subtiltie of her lip, which must be tasted
Often, to make a iudgement. 'Slight, she melts
Like a *Myrobalane*! Here is, yet, a line
In *vino frontis*, tels me, he is no Knight.
PLI. What is he then, Sir? SVB. Let me see your Hand.
O, your *Linea Fortunæ* makes it plaine;
And *Stella*, here, in *Monte veneris*:
But, most of all, *Iunctura annularis*.
He is a Souldier, or a Man of Art, Lady:
But shall haue some great honour, shortly. PLI. Brother,
He 's a rare man, beleeue me. KAS. Hold your peace.
Here comes the tother rare man. 'Saue you Captayne.
FAC. Good Mr. *Kastril*. Is this your Sister? KAS. I Sir.
Please you to kusse her, and be proud to know her?
FAC. I shall be proud to know you, Lady. PLI. Brother,

He calls me Lady, too. KAS. I, peace. I, heard it.
FAC. The *Count* is come. SVB. Where is he? FAC. At the dore.
SVB. Why, you must entertaine him. FAC. What 'll you doe
With these the while? SVB. Why, haue 'hem vp, and shew 'hem
Some Fustian Booke, or the Darke Glasse. FAC. 'Fore God,
She is a delicate Dab-chick! I must haue her.
SVB. Must, you? I, if your fortune will, you must.
Come Sir, the Captaine will come to vs presently.
I'll ha' you to my Chamber of *Demonstrations*,
Where I'll shew you both the *Grammar*, and *Logick*,
And *Rhetorick* of Quarrelling, my whole method,
Drawne out in Tables, and my Instrument,
That hath the seuerall Scale vpon 't, shall make you
Able to quarrell, at a strawes breadth, by *Moone*-light.
And, Lady, I'll haue you looke in a Glasse,
Some halfe an hower, but to cleare your eye-sight,
Against you see your Fortune, which is greater,
Then I may iudge vpon the sodaine, trust mee.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 3.

FACE. SVBTLE. SVRLY.

WHere are you, Doctor? SVB. I'll come to you presently.
FAC. I will ha' this same Widdow, now I ha' seene her,
On any composition. SVB. What doe you say?
FAC. Ha' you dispos'd of them? SVB. I ha' sent 'hem vp.
FAC *Subtle*, in troth, I needs must haue this Widdow.
SVB. Is that the matter? FAC. Nay, but heare me. SVB. Goe to
If you rebell once, *Dol* shall know it all.
Therefore, be quiet, and obey your chance.
FAC. Nay, thou art so violent now. Do but conceiue,
Thou art old, and canst not serue — SVB. Who, can not I?
'Sblood, I will serue her with thee, for a — FAC. Nay,
But vnderstand: I'll giue you composition.
SVB. I will not treat with thee: what, sell my Fortune?
'Tis better then my Birth-right. Doe not murmure.
Winne her, and carry her. If you grumble, *Dol*

Knowes

Knowes it directly. FAC. Well Sir, I am silent.
Will you goe help, to fetch in *Don*, in state?
SVB. I follow you Sir, we must keepe *Face* in awe,
Or he will ouer-looke vs like a Tyranne.
Braine of a Taylor! Who comes here? *Don Ion!*
SVR. *Sennores, beso las manos, à vuestras mercedes.*
SVB. Would you had stoup'd a little, and kist our *anes.*
FAC. Peace *Subtle.* SVB. Stab me; I shall neuer hold, man.
He lookes in that deepe Ruffe, like a Head in a platter,
Seru'd in by a short Cloke vpon two tressils.
FAC. Or, what doe you say to a Collar of Brawne, cut downe
Beneath the Souse, and wriggled with a knife?
SVB. 'Slud, he do's looke too fat to be a *Spaniard.*
FAC. Perhaps some *Fleming*, or some *Hollander* got him
In *D'alua's* time: *Count Egmonts* Bastard. SVB. *Don,*
Your sciruy, yellow *Madril* face is welcome.
SVR. *Gratia.* SVB. He speakes, out of a Fortification.
'Pray God, He ha' no squibs in those deepe sets.
SVR. *Por dios, Sennores, muy linda Casa!*
SVB. What sayes he? FAC. Praises the house, I thinke,
I know no more But's action. SVB. Yes, the *Casa,*
My precious *Diego*, will proue fayre inough,
To cossen you in. Doe you marke? you shall
Be cossened, *Diego.* FAC. Cossened, doe you see?
My worthy *Donzel*, Cossened. SVR. *Entsendo.*
SVB. Do you intend it? So doe we deare *Don.*
Haue you brought Pistolets? or Portagues?
My solemne *Don?* Dost thou feele any? FAC. Full.
SVB. You shall be emptied, *Don*; pumped, and drawne,
Dry, as they say. FAC. Milked, in troth, sweet *Don.*
SVB. See all the Monsters; the great Lion of all, *Don.*
SVR. *Con licencia, se puede ver à esta Sennorà?*
SVB. What talkes he now? FAC. O' the *Sennora.* SVB. O, *Don,*
That is the Lioness, which you shall see
Also, my *Don.* FAC. 'Slid, *Subtle*, how shall we doe?
SVB. For what? FAC. Why, *Dol's* employ'd, you know. SVB. That's
true.

'Fore

'Fore heau'n I know not: He must stay, that's all.
FAC. Stay? That he must not, by no meanes. SVB. No, Why?
FAC. Vnlesse you'll marre all. 'Slight, Hee'll suspect it.
And then he will not pay, not halfe so well.
This is a trauell'd Punque-Master, and do's know
All the delayes: a notable hot Raskall,
And lookes, already, Rampant. SVB. S'death, and *Mammon*
Must not be troubled. FAC. *Mammon*, in no case!
SVB. What shall we do then? FAC. Thinke: you must be sodaine.
SVR. *Entiendo, que la Sennora es tan hermosa, que codicia tan à ver la, como la bien auenturança de mi vida,*
FAC. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, *Subtle*, he puts me in mind o'the Widdow.
What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha?
And tell her, it is her Fortune. All our venter
Now lies vpon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to haue her: And, beside,
There is no Maiden-head, to be fear'd, or lost.
What dost thou thinke on't, *Subtle*? SVB. Who I? Why—
FAC. The Credit of our house too is engag'd.
SVB. You made me an offer for my share e're while.
What wilt thou giue me, i-faith? FAC. O, by that light,
Ile not buy now. You know your doome to me.
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, Sir; winne her,
And weare her, out for me. SVB. 'Slight. I'll not work her then.
FAC. It is the common cause, therefore bethinke you.
Dol else must know it, as you said. SVB. I care not.
SVR. *Sennores, por que se tàrda tànta?*
SVB. Faith, I am not fit, I am old. FAC. That's now no reason, Sir.
SVR. *Puede ser, de hazer burla de mi amor.*
FAC. You heare the *Don*, too? By this ayre, I call,
And loose the hinges. *Dol*. SVB. A plague of Hell—
FAC. Will you then doe? SVB. Yo' are a terrible Rogue,
Ile thinke of this: will you, Sir, call the Widdow?
FAC. Yes And Ile take her too, with all her faults,
Now, I doe thinke on't better. SVB. With all my heart, Sir.
Am I discharg'd o'the lot. FAC. As you please. SVB. Hands.

FAC.

FAC. Remember, now, that, vpon any change,
You neuer claime her. SVB. Much good ioy, and health to'you
Sir.
Marry a Whore? *Fate*, let me wed a Witch, first.
SVR. *Por estas honrada's barbas.* SVB. He sweares by his beard.
Dispatch, and call the Brother too. SVR. *Tiengo dùda, Sennores,*
Que no me bágan alguna traycion.
SVB. How, Issue on? Yes, *præsto Senner.* Please you
Entratha the *Chambratha*, worthy *Don*;
Where if it please the *Fates*, in your *Bathada*,
You shall be sok'd, and strok'd, and tub'd, and rub'd,
And scrub'd, and fub'd, deare *Don*, before you goe.
You shall in faith, my sciruie Babion *Don*;
Be curried, claw'd, and flaw'd, and taw'd, indeed.
I will the heartilier goe about it now,
And make the Widdow a Punke, so much the sooner,
To be reueng'd on this impetuous *Face*:
The quickly doing of it is the grace.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 4.

FACE. KASTRIL. Da: PLIANT. SVBTLE. SVRLY.

COme Lady: I knew, the Doctor would not leaue,
Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
KAS. To be a *Countesse* say you? FAC. A *Spanish Countesse*, Sir.
PLI. Why? is that better then an *English Countesse*?
FAC. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question, Lady?
KAS. Nay, she is a foole, Captaine, you must pardon her.
FAC. Aske from your Courtier, to your Innes of Court-man,
To your mere Millaner; They will tell you all
Your *Spanish* Iennet is the best Horse. Your *Spanish*
Stoupe is the best Garbe. Your *Spanish* Beard
Is the best Cut. Your *Spanish* Ruffes are the best
Weare. Your *Spanish Pauin* the best Daunce.
Your *Spanish* titillation in a Gloue
The best Perfume. And, for your *Spanish* Pike,
And *Spanish* Blade, let your poore Captaine speake.
Here comes the Doctor. SVB. My most honor'd Lady,

For so I am now to stile you, hauing found
By this my *scheme*, you are to vndergoe
An honourable fortune, very shortly.
What will you say now, if some — FAC. I ha' told her all, Sir.
And her right worshipfull Brother, here, that she shall be
A *Countesse*: doe not delay 'hem Sir. A *Spanish Countesse*.
SVB. Still, my scarse Worshipfull Captaine, you can keepe
No secret. Well, since he has told you, Madam,
Doe you forgiue him, and I doe. KAS. She shall doe that, Sir.
I'le looke to't, 'tis my charge. SVB. Well then. Nought rests
But that she fit her Loue, now, to her fortune.
PLI. Truely, I shall neuer brooke a *Spaniard*. SVB. No?
PLI. Neuer, sin' *eighty eight* could I abide 'hem.
And that was some three yeare afore I was borne in truth.
SVB. Come, you must loue him, or be miserable:
Choose, which you will. FAC. By this good rush, perswade her,
She will cry Straw-berries else, within this twelue-month.
SVB. Nay, Shads, and Mackrell, which is worse. FAC. Indeed, Sir?
KAS. Gods lid, you shall loue him, or Ile kick you. PLI. Why?
Ile doe as you will ha' me, Brother. KAS. Doe,
Or by this hand I'll maull you. FAC. Nay good Sir.
Be not so fierce. SVB. No my enraged Child,
She will be rul'd. What when she comes to tast
The pleasures of a Countesse, to be courted —
FAC. And kist, and ruffled — SVB. I, behind the hangings.
FAC. And then come forth in pompe — SVB. And know her
State —
FAC. Of keeping all th' Idolaters o' the Chamber
Barer to her, then at their prayers — SVB. Is seru'd
Vpon the knee — FAC. And has her Pages, Huishers.
Footmen, & Coaches — SVB. Her six Mares — FAC. Nay eight —
SVB. To hurry her through *London*, to th' *Exchange*,
Bet'lem, the *China*-Houses — FAC. Yes, and haue
The Citizens gape at her, and praise her Tires,
And *My-Lords* Goose turd bands, that rides with her.
KAS. Most braue! By this hand, you are not my Suster,
If you refuse. PLI. I will not refuse, Brother.
SVR. *Que es èsto Senores, que non se venga?*

Esta tardanza me mata! FAC. It is the *Count* come.
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his *Art*.
SVB. *En Gallanta Madama, Don! Gallantissima!*
SVR. *Por tódos los dioses, la mas acabada*
Hermosura, que he visto en mi vìda!
FAC. Is't not a gallant language that they speake?
KAS. An admirable language! Is't not *French*?
FAC. No *Spanish*, Sir. KAS. It goes like *Law-French*,
And that, they say, is the *Court*-liest language. FAC. List Sir.
SVR. *El Sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el*
Resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valga me dios!
FAC. He' admires your Sister. KAS. Must not she make curtsy?
SVB. 'Ods will, she must goe to him, Man; and kisse him:
It is the *Spanish* fashion, for the women
To make first *court*. FAC. 'Tis true he tels you, Sir:
His Art knowes all. SVR. *Por que no se acùde?*
KAS. He speakes to her, I thinke? FAC. That he do's Sir.
SVR. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tàrda?*
KAS. Nay, see: she will not vnderstand him. Gull.
Noddy. PLI. What say you Brother? KAS. Asse, my Sister,
Goe kusse him, as the Cunning man would ha' you.
I'll thrust a pinne i' your buttocks else. FAC. O, no Sir.
SVR. *Sennora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta*
Alle gar àtànta Hermosura.
FAC. Dos he not vse her brauely? KAS. Brauely, i-faith!
FAC. Nay he will vse her better. KAS. Doe you thinke so?
SVR. *Sennora, si sera servida, entremus.*
KAS. Where do's he carry her? FAC. Into the Garden, Sir,
Take you no thought, I must interpret for her.
SVB. Giue *Dol* the word. Come my fierce Child. Aduance,
Wee'll to our quarrelling Lesson againe. KAS. Agreed.
I loue a *Spanish* Boy, with all my heart.
SVB. Nay, and by this meanes, Sir, You shall be Brother
To a great *Count*. KAS. I, I knew that, at first.
This match will aduance the House of the *Kastrils*.
SVB. 'Pray God your Sister proue but pliant. KAS. Why,

Her name is so, by her other Husband. SVB. How!
KAS. The Widdow *Pliant*. Knew you not that? SVB. No faith Sir.
Yet, by erection of her *Figure*, I gest it.
Come, let's goe practise. KAS. Yes, but doe you thinke, Doctor,
I e'er shall quarrell well? SVB. I warrant you.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 5.

DOL. MAMMON. FACE. SVBTLE.

FOr after *Alexanders* death — MAM. Good Lady —
DOL. That *Perdiccas* and *Antigonus* were slaine,
The two that stood, *Seleuc'*, and *Ptolomee* —
MAM. Madame. DOL. Made vp the *two legs*, and the *fourth Beast*.
That was *Gog-North*, and *Egypt*-South: which after
Was call'd *Gog Iron-leg*, and *South Iron-leg* — MAM. Lady —
DOL. And then *Gog-horned*. So was *Ægypt*, too;
Then *Ægypt Clay-leg*, and *Gog Clay-leg* — MAM. Sweet Madame.
DOL. And last *Gog-Dust*, and *Ægypt-Dust*: which fall
In the last linke of the *fourth Chaine*. And these
Be Starres in Story, which none see, or looke at —
MAM. What shall I doe? DOL. For, as he sayes, except
We call the *Rabbines*, and the *Heathen Greekes* —
MAM. Deare Lady. DOL. To come from *Salem*, & from *Athens*,
And teach the people of great *Britaine* — FAC. What's the matter,
Sir?
DOL. To speake the tongue of *Eber*, and *Iauan* — MAM. O,
Sh'is in her fit. DOL. We shall know nothing — FAC. Death, Sir,
We are vndone. DOL. Where, then, a learned Linguist
Shall see the antient vs'd communion
Of *Vowels*, and *Consonants* — FAC. My Master will heare!
DOL. A Wisedome, which *Pythagoras* held most high —
MAM. Sweet honorable Lady. DOL. To comprise
All sounds of voices, in few markes of *Letters* —
FAC. Nay you must neuer hope to lay her now.

DOL. And so we may arriue by *Talmud* skill,
And profane *Greeke*, to raise the building vp
Of *Helens* house, against the *Ismaelite*,
King of *Thogarma*, and his *Habergions*
Brimstony, blevv, and firy; and the force
Of King *Abaddon*, & the Beast of *Cittim*:
Which *Rabbi Dauid Kimchi*, *Onkelos*,
And *Aben-Ezra* doe interpret *Rome*.

FAC. How did you put her into't? MAM. Alasse
Of a fift *Monarchy* I would erect,
Which the *Philosophers stone* (by chance) And
Falls on the other foure straight. FAC. Out of
I told you so. 'Slid stop her mouth. MAM. Is't
FAC. She'll neuer leaue else. If the old man hea
VVe are but *fæces*, Ashes. SVB. VVhat's to doe
FAC. O, we are lost. Now she heares him, she i

MAM. Where shall I hide me? SVB. How! What sight is here?
Close deedes of Darknesse, and that shunne the light!
Bring him againe. Who is he? What, my Sonne?
O, I haue liu'd too long. MAM. Nay good, deare Father,
There was no vnchast purpose. SVB. Not, and flee me,
When I come in? MAM. That was my Error. SVB. Error?
Guilt, guilt, my Sonne. Giue it the right Name. No maruaile,
If I found check in our *great Worke* within,
When such affayres as these were managing.
MAM. Why, haue you so? SVB. It has gone back this halfe houre:
And all the rest of our *lesse Workes* stand still.
Where is the Instrument of wickednesse,
My lewd false Drudge? MAM. Nay good Sir blame not him.
Beleeue me, 'twas against his Will, or Knowledge.
I saw her by chance. SVB. Will you commit more sinne,
T'excuse a Varlet? MAM. By my hope, 'tis true Sir.
SVB Nay, then I wonder lesse, if you, for whom
The blessing was prepar'd, would so tempt heauen:
And loose your fortunes. MAM. Why Sir? SVB. This will hinder
The *Worke*, a Month at least. MAM. Why, if it doe,
What remedie? but thinke it not, good Father:
Our purposes were honest. SVB. As they were,
So the reward will proue. How now! Aye me.
God, and all Saints be good to vs. What's that?
FAC. O Sir, we are defeated: all the *Workes*
Are flowne *in fumo*. Euery Glasse is burst.
Fornace, and all rent downe: as if a Bolt
Of thunder had beene driuen through the house.
Retorts, Receiuers, Pellicanes, Bolt-heads,
All strooke in shiuers. Help good Sir. Alasse,

Coldneſſe, and Death inuades him. Nay, Sir *Mammon*,
Do the fayre offices of a man. You ſtand,
As you were readier to depart, then he.
Who's there? My Lord her Brother is come. MAM. Ha, *Lungs*?
FAC. His Coach is at the dore. Auoid his ſight,
For hee's as furious, as his Siſter is mad.
MAM. Alaſſe! FAC. My braine is quite vndone with the fume, Sir,
I ne'er muſt hope to be mine owne man againe.
MAM. Is all loſt, *Lungs*? Will nothing be preſeru'd,
Of all our coſt? FAC. Faith, very little, Sir.
A peck of coales, or ſo, which is cold comfort, Sir.
MAM. O my voluptuous minde! I am iuſtly puniſh'd.
FAC. And ſo am I, Sir. MAM. Caſt from all my hopes—
FAC. Nay, certainties Sir. MAM. By mine owne baſe affections.
SVB. O the curſt fruits of vice, and luſt! MAM. Good Father,
It was my ſinne. Forgiue it. SVB. Hangs my roofe
Ouer vs ſtill, and will not fall, O Iuſtice,
Vpon vs, for this wicked man! FAC. Nay, looke, Sir,
You grieue him, now, with ſtaying in his ſight:
Good Sir, the Noble man will come too, and take you,
And that may breed a *Tragedy*. MAM. I'll goe.
FAC. I, and repent at home, Sir. It may be,
For ſome good penance, you may ha' it, yet
A hundred pound to the Boxe at *Bet'lem*. MAM. Yes.
FAC. For the reſtoring ſuch as ha' their wits. MAM. I'll do't.
FAC. Ile ſend one to you to receiue it. MAM. Doe.
Is no *Proiection* left? FAC. All flowne, or ſtinkes, Sir.
MAM. Wil naught be ſau'd, that's good for med'cine, think'ſt thou?
FAC. I cannot tell Sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the ſcraping of the Shardes,
Will cure the Itch, though not your itch of minde, Sir.
It ſhall be ſau'd for you, and ſent home. Good Sir,
This way, for feare the Lord ſhould meet you. SVB. *Face*.
FAC. I. SVB. Is he gone? FAC. Yes, and as heauily
As all the Gold he hop'd for, were in his bloud.
Let vs be light, though. SVB. I, as Balls, and bound
And hit our heads againſt the roofe for ioy.

There's ſo much of our care now caſt away.
FAC. Now to our *Don*. SVB. Yes, your yong Widdow, by this time
Is made a *Counteſſe*, *Face*: Sh' has beene in trauaile
Of a yong Heyre for you. FAC. Good, Sir. SVB. Off with your caſe,
And greet her kindly, as a Bridegroome ſhould,
After theſe common hazards. FAC. Very well, Sir.
Will you goe fetch *Don Diego* off the while?
SVB. And fetch him ouer too, if you'll be pleaſ'd Sir:
Would *Dol* were, in her place, to pick his pockets now.
FAC. Why you can do it as well, if you would ſet to't.
I pray you proue your vertue. SVB. For your ſake, Sir.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 6.

SVRLY. DA: PLIANT. SVBTLE. FACE.

LAdy, you ſee into what hands, you are falne;
Mongſt what a Neſt of villaines! and how neare
Your honor was t'haue catch'd a certaine clap
(Through your credulitie) had I but beene
So punctually forward, as Place, Time,
And other circumſtance would ha' made a man.
For yo' are a handſome woman: would yo' were wiſe, too.
I am a Gentleman, come here diſguiſ'd,
Onely to finde the Knaueries of this *Citadell*,
And where I might haue wrong'd your honor, and haue not,
I claime ſome intereſt in your loue. You are,
They ſay, a Widdow, rich: and I am a Batcheler,
Worth naught. Your fortunes may make me a man,
As mine ha' preſeru'd you a woman. Thinke vpon it,
And whether, I haue deſeru'd you, or no. PLI. I will, Sir.
SVR. And for theſe Houſhold-Rogues, let me alone.
To treat with them. SVB. How doth my noble *Diego*?
And my deare *Madame*, *Counteſſe*? Hath the *Count*
Beene courteous, Lady? liberall? and open?
Don zell, me thinkes you looke melancholike,
After your *Coitum*, and ſcuruy! True-ly,
I doe not like the dulneſſe of your eye:
It hath a heauy caſt, 'tis *vpſee Dutch*,

And

And say's you are a lumpish Whore-master.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so.
SVR. Will you, *Don* Baud, and Pick-purse? How now? Reele you?
Stand vp Sir, you shall finde since I am so heauy,
I'll gi' you æquall weight. SVB. Help, Murder. SVR. No Sir.
There's no such thing intended. A good Cart,
And a cleane Whip shall ease you of that feare.
I am the *Spanish Don*, that should be cossened,
Doe you see? cossened. Where's your Captaine *Face*?
That parcell-Broker, and whole-Baud, all Raskall.
FAC. How, *Surly*! SVR. O, make your approach, good Captaine.
I'haue found, from whence your Copper Rings, and Spoones
Come now, wherewith you cheate abroad in Tauernes.
'Twas here, you learn'd t'annoint your boote with Brimstone,
Then rub mens Gold on't, for a kinde of touch,
And say 'twas naught, when you had chang'd the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing. And this Doctor,
Your sooty, smoaky-bearded Compeere, He
Will close you so much Gold, in a Bolts-head,
And, on a turne, conuay (i'the stead) another
With *sublim'd Mercury*, that shall burst i'the heate,
And flye out all *in fumo*. Then weepes *Mammon*.
Then swounes his Worship. Or he is the *Faustus*,
That casteth *figures*, and can coniure, cures
Plague, Piles, and Poxe, by the *Ephemerides*,
And holds intelligence, with all the Baudes,
And Midwiues of three Shires. While you send in —
Captaine, (what is he gone?) Dam'sells with child,
Wiues, that are barren, or, the waiting-Maide
With the Greene-sickneſſe. Nay Sir, you must tarry
Though he be scap't; and answere, by the eares, Sir.

ACT. 4. SCENE. 7.

FACE. KASTRIL. SVRLY, SVBTLE. DRVGGER. ANANIAS. Da: PLIANT. DOL.

WHy, now's the time, if euer you will quarrell
Well (as they say) and be a true-borne Child,

The Doctor, and your Sister both are abus'd.
KAS. Where is he? Which is he? He is a Slaue
What ere he is, and the Sonne of a Whore. Are you
The Man, Sir, I would know? SVR. I should be loth, Sir,
To confesse so much. KAS. Then you lie, i' your throte. SVR. How?
FAC. A very errant Rogue, Sir, and a Cheater,
Employd here, by another Coniurer,
That dos not loue the Doctor, and would crosse him
If he knew how — SVR. Sir you are abus'd. KAS. You lie,
And 'tis no matter. FAC. Well said, Sir. He is
The impudent'st Raskall — SVR. You are indeed. Will you heare
me, Sir?
FAC. By no meanes. Bid him be gone. KAS. Be gone Sir, quickly.
SVR. This 's strange! Lady, doe you informe your Brother.
FAC. There is not such a Foyst, in all the towne,
The Doctor had him, presently: And findes, yet,
The *Spanish Count* will come, here. Beare vp, *Subtle*.
SVB. Yes Sir, he must appeare, within this hower.
FAC. And yet this Rogue, would come, in a disguise,
By the temptation of another Spirit,
To trouble our Art, though he could not hurt it. KAS. I,
I know — Away, you talke like a foolish Mauther.
SVR. Sir, all is truth, she says. FAC. Doe not beleeue him, Sir:
He is the lying'st *Swabber*. Come your wayes, Sir.
SVR. You are valiant out of Company. KAS. Yes, how then Sir?
FAC. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knowes him,
And all his tricks. Make good what I say, *Abel*,
This Cheater would ha' cossen'd thee o' the Widdow.
He owes this honest *Drugger*, here, seuen pound,
He has had on him, in two-peny orths of *Tabacco*.
DRV. Yes Sir. And he hath damn'd himselfe three termes, to
pay me.
FAC. And what do's he owe for *Lotium*? DRV. Thirty shillings, Sir:
And for six Syringes. SVR. *Hydra* of villany!
FAC. Nay, Sir you must quarrell him out o' the house. KAS. I will.
Sir, if you get not out o' doores, you lie,
And you are a Pimpe. SVR. Why this is madnesse, Sir,

Not

Not valure in you: I must laugh at this.
KAS. It is my humor: you are a Pimpe, and a Trig,
And an *Amadis de Gaule*, or a *Don Quixote*.
DRV. Or a *Knight* o'the *curious coxcombe*. Doe you see?
ANA. Peace to the Houshold. KAS. Ile keepe peace, for no man.
ANA. Casting of Dollers is concluded lawfull.
KAS. Is he the Constable? SVB. Peace *Ananias*. FAC. No, Sir.
KAS. Then you are an Otter, and a Shad, a *Whit*,
A very *Tim*. SVR. You'll heare me Sir? KAS. I will not.
ANA. What is the Motiue. SVB. Zeale, in the yong Gentleman,
Against his *Spanish* slops. ANA. They are profane,
Leud, superstitious, and idolatrous Breeches.
SVR. New Raskals! KAS. Will you be gone, Sir? ANA. Auoid *Satban*,
Thou art not of the light. That Ruffe of pride,
About thy neck, betrayes thee: and is the same
With that, which the vncleane Birds, in *seuenty-seuen*,
Were seene to pranke it with, on diuers coasts.
Thou look'st like *Antichrist*, in that leud hat.
SVR. I must giue way. KAS. Be gone Sir. SVR. But ile take
A course with you — ANA. Depart, proud *Spanish Fiend*.
SVR. Captaine, and Doctor. ANA. Child of perdition. KAS. Hence Sir.
Did I not quarrell brauely? FAC. Yes indeed Sir.
KAS. Nay and I giue my minde to't, I shall do't,
FAC. O you must follow Sir, and threaten him tame.
Hee'll turne againe else. KAS. I'll re-turne him, then.
FAC. *Drugger*, this Rogue preuented vs, for thee:
We' had determin'd, that thou shouldst ha' come,
In a *Spanish* sute, and ha' carried her so; and he
A Brokerly slaue, goes, puts it on himselfe.
Hast brought the Damask? DRV. Yes Sir. FAC. Thou must borrow,
A *Spanish* suite. Hast thou no credit with the Players?
DRV. Yes Sir, did you neuer see me play the Foole?
FAC. I know not *Nab*. Thou shalt, if I can help it.
Hieronimo's old Cloke, Ruffe, and Hat will serue:
Ile tell thee more, when thou bringst 'hem. ANA. Sir, I know

The *Spaniard* hates the *Brethren*, and hath Spies
Vpon their Actions: And that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy *Synode*
Haue beene in prayer, and meditation, for it.
And 'tis reueald no lesse, to them, then mee,
That casting of Money is most lawfull. SVB. True.
But here, I cannot doe it; if the House
Should chance to be suspected, all would out.
And we be lock'd vp, in the Tower, for euer,
To make Gold there: (for th' state) neuer come out.
And, then, are you defeated. ANA. I will tell
This to the *Elders*, and the weaker *Brethren*,
That the whole *Company* of the *Separation*
May ioyne in humble prayer againe, (SVB. And fasting.)
ANA. Yea, for some fitter place. The Peace of minde
Rest with these walles. SVB. Thankes, courteous *Ananias*.
FAC. What did he come for? SVB. About casting *Dollers*,
Presently, out of hand. And so, I told him,
A *Spanish* Minister came here to spie
Against the Faithfull — FAC. I conceiue. Come *Subtle*,
Thou art so downe vpon the least disaster!
How wouldst tho' ha' done, if I had not helpt thee out?
SVB. I thanke thee *Face*, for the Angry Boy, i-faith.
FAC. Who would ha' lookt, it should ha' beene that Raskall?
Surly? He had dy'd his beard, and all. Well, Sir,
Here's Damask come, to make you a suite. SVB, Where's *Drugger*?
FAC. He is gone to borrow me a *Spanish* habite,
Ile be the *Count*, now. SVB. But where's the Widdow?
FAC. Within, with my Lords Sister: *Madame Dol*
Is entertaining her. SVB. By your fauour, *Face*,
Now she is honest, I will stand againe.
FAC. You will not offer it? SVB. Why? FAC. Stand to your word,
Or — Here comes *Dol*. She knows — SVB. Yo' are tyrannous still.
FAC. Strict for my right. How now, *Dol*? Hast told her,
The *Spanish Count* will come? DOL. Yes, but another is come,
You little look'd for. FAC. Who's that? DOL. Your Master:
The Master of the House. SVB. How *Dol*? FAC. She lies.

This is some trick. Come leaue your *Quiblins, Dorothee.*
DOL. Looke out, and see. SVB. Art thou in earnest? DOL. 'Slight
Forty o'the Neighbours are about him, talking.
FAC. 'Tis he, by this good day. DOL. 'T will proue ill day,
For some on vs. FAC. We are vndone, and taken.
DOL. Lost, I am afraid. SVB. You said he would not come,
While there dyed one a Weeke, within the Liberties.
FAC. No: 'twas within the Walls. SVB. Was't so? Cry' you mercy:
I thought the Liberties. What shall we doe now, *Face?*
FAC. Be silent, not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old shape againe, and meet him,
Of *Ieremie*, the Butler. I' the meane time,
Doe you two pack vp all the goods, and purchase,
That we can carry i' the two trunkes. I'll keepe him
Off for to day, if I cannot longer: And then
At night, Ile ship you both away to *Ratcliffe*,
Where wee'll meet to morrow, and then wee'll share.
Let *Mammon's* Brasse, and Peuter keep the Cellar:
Wee'll haue another time for that. But, *Dol*,
'Pray thee goe heate a little water, quickly,
Subtle must shaue me. All my Captaines beard
Must off, to make me appeare smooth *Ieremy*.
You'll do't? SVB. Yes Ile shaue you, as well as I can.
FAC. And not cut my throte, but trim me? SVB. You shall see, Sir.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 1.

LOVE-WIT. NEIGHBOVRS.

HAs there beene such resort, say you? NEI. 1. Daily, Sir.
NEI. 2. And nightly, too. NEI. 3. I, some as braue as Lords.
NEI. 4. Ladies, & Gentlewomen. NEI. 5. Citizens Wiues.
NEI. 1. And Knights. NEI. 6. In Coaches. NEI. 2. Yes and Oyster-women.
NEI. 1. Beside other Gallants. NEI. 3. Saylors Wiues. NEI. 4. *Tabacco*-men.
NEI. 5. Another *Pimlico*. LOV. What should my Knaue aduance,
To draw this company? He hung out no Banners
Of a strange Calfe, with fiue legs, to be seene?

Or a huge Lobstar, with six clawes? NEI. 6. No Sir.
NEI. 3. We had gone in, then, Sir. LOV. He has no guist
Of Teaching i'the nose, that ere I knew of!
You saw no Bils set vp, that promis'd cure
Of Agues, or the Tooth-ach? NEI. 2. No such thing, Sir.
LOV. Nor heard a Drum strooke, for Babouns, or Puppets?
NEI. 5 Neither Sir. LOV. What deuise should he bring forth now?
I loue a teeming wit, as I loue my nourishment.
'Pray God he ha' not kept such open house,
That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:
I left him nothing else. If he haue eate 'hem,
A plague o' the Moath, say I. Sure he has got
Some baudy Pictures, to call all this Ging;
The Frier, and the Nun; or the new *Motion*
Of the Knights Courser, couering the Parsons Mare;
The Boy of six yeare old, with the great thing:
Or 't may be, he has the fleas that runne at Tilt,
Vpon a Table, or some Dog to Daunce?
When saw you him? NEI. 1. Who Sir, *Ieremie*? NEI. 2. *Ieremie* Butler?
We saw him not, this mont'h. LOV. How! NEI. 4. Not these fiue weekes, Sir.
NEI. These six weekes, at the least. LOV. Yo' amaze me, Neighbours.
NEI. 5. Sure, if your Worship know not where he is,
Hee's slipt away. NEI. 6. Pray God, he be not made away.
LOV. Ha? It's no time to question, then. NEI. 6. About
Some three weekes since, I heard a dolefull cry,
As I sate vp, a mending my wiues stockings.
LOV. This 's strange! that none will answere! Didst thou heare
A cry, saist thou? NEI. 6. Yes Sir, like vnto a Man
That had beene strangled an hower, and could not speake.
NEI. 2. I heard it too, iust this day three weekes, at two a clock
Next morning. LOV. These be miracles, or you make 'hem so!
A man an hower strangled, and could not speake,
And both you heard him cry? NEI. 3. Yes, downward, Sir.
LOV. Thou art a wise fellow. Giue me thy hand, I pray thee.

What trade art thou, on? NEI. 3. A Smith, and't please your Worship.

LOV. A Smith? Then, lend me thy help, to get this dore open.

NEI. 3. That I will presently, Sir, but fetch my tooles —

NEI. 1. Sir. Best to knock againe, afore you breake it.

ACT. 5 SCENE. 2.

LOVE-WIT. FACE. NEIGHBOVRS.

I Will. FAC. What meane you Sir? NEI. 1. 2. 4. O, Here's *Ieremie*!

FAC. Good Sir, Come from the dore. LOV. Why? what's the matter?

FAC. Yet farder, you are to neare, yet. LOV. I'the name of wonder,
What meanes the fellow? FAC. The House, Sir, has beene visited.
LOV. What? with the Plague? stand thou thē farder. FAC. No, Sir,
I had it not. LOV. Who had it then? I left
None else, but thee, i'the house. FAC. Yes, Sir. My Fellow,
The Cat, that kept the Buttry, had it on her
A weeke, before I spied it: But I got her
Conuay'd away, i'the night. And so I shut
The house vp for a Month — LOV. How! FAC. Purposing thē, Sir,
T' haue burnt Rose-vinegar, Triackle, and Tarre,
And, ha' made it sweet, that you should ne'er ha' knowne it:
Because I knew the Newes would but afflict you, Sir.
LOV. Breath lesse, and farder off. Why this is stranger!
The Neighbors tell me all, here, that the Dores
Haue still been open. FAC. How Sir? LOV. Gallants, Men, and Women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, beene seene to flock here
In threaues, these ten weekes, as to a second *Hogs-den*,
In dayes of *Pimlico*, and *Eye-bright*. FAC. Sir.
Their wisedomes will not say so. LOV. To day, they speake
Of Coaches, and Gallants; one in a *French*-hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seene
In a Veluet Gowne, at the windore. Diuerse more
Passe in and out. FAC. They did passe through the dores then,
Or walls, I assure their Eyesights, and their Spectacles;
For here, Sir, are the keyes; and here haue beene,
In this my pocket, now, aboue twenty dayes. And

And for before, I kept the Fort alone, there.
But that 'tis yet not deepe i' the afternoone,
I should beleeue my Neighbours had seene double
Through the Black-pot, and made these apparitions:
For, on my faith to your Worship, for these three weekes
And vpwards, the dore has not beene open'd. LOV. Strange!
NEI. 1. Good faith, I thinke I saw a Coach! NEI. 2. And I too,
I'lld ha' beene sworne! LOV. Doe you but thinke it now?
And but one Coach? NEI. 4. We cannot tell, Sir. *Ieremy*
Is a very honest fellow. FAC. Did you see me at all?
NEI. 1. No. That we are sure on. NEI. 2. I'll be sworne o' that.
LOV. Fine Rogues, to haue your testimonies built on!
NEI. 3. Is *Ieremy* come? MEI. 1. O yes, you may leaue your tooles,
We were deceiu'd he saies. NEI. 2. He has had the keyes.
And the dore has bin shut these three weeks. NEI. 3. Like enough.
LOV. Peace, and get hence, you Changelings. FAC. *Surly* come!
And *Mammon* made acquainted? They'll tell all.
(How shall I beate them off? What shall I doe?)
Nothing's more wretched, then a guilty conscience.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 3.

SVRLY. MAMMON. LOVE-WIT. FACE. NEIGHBOVRS.
KASTRIL. ANA. TRIBVLATION. DAPPER. SVBTLE.

NO Sir, He was a great Phisitian. This,
It was no Baudy-house: But a meere *Chancell.*
You knew the Lord, and his Sister. MAM. Nay good *Surly*—
SVR. The happy word, *Be rich*— MAM. Play not the Tyranne—
SVR. Should be to day pronounc'd, to all your friends.
And where be your Andirons now? And your Brasse Pots?
That should ha' beene Golden Flaggons, and great Wedges?
MAM. Let me but breath. What! They ha' shut their dores,
Me thinkes. SVR. I, now, 'tis *Holyday* with them. MAM. Rogues,
Cosoners, Impostors, Baudes. FAC. What meane you, Sir?
MAM. To enter if we can. FAC. Another mans house?
Here is the Owner, Sir. Turne you to him,
And speake your businesse. MAM. Are you, Sir, the Owner?
LOV. Yes, Sir. MAM. And are those Knaues, within, your Cheaters?

LOV. What Knaues? What Cheaters? MAM. *Subtle*, & his *Lungs*.
FAC. The Gentleman is distracted, Sir. No Lungs
Nor Lights ha' beene seene here these three weekes, Sir,
Within these dores, vpon my word. SVR. Your word,
Groome arrogant? FAC. Yes Sir, I am the House-keeper,
And know the keyes ha' not beene out o' my hands.
SVR. This's a new *Face*! FAC. You doe mistake the house, Sir.
What signe was't at? SVR. You Raskall. This is one
O' the Confederacie. Come let's get Officers!
And force the dore. LOV. 'Pray you stay, Gentlemen.
SVR. No, Sir, wee'll come with warrant. MAM I, and then,
We shall ha' your dores open. LOV. What meanes this?
FAC. I cannot tell Sir. NEI. 1. These are two o' the Gallants,
That we doe thinke we saw. FAC. Two o' the Fooles?
You talke as idly as they. Good faith, Sir,
I thinke the *Moone* has cras'd 'hem all. (O me,
The angry Boy come too? Hee'll make a noyse
And neare away till he haue betrayed vs all.)
KAS. What Rogues, Baudes, Slaues, you 'il open the dore anone.
Punque, Cocatrice, my Suster. By this light
I 'll fetch the Marshall to you. You are a Whore,
To keepe your Castle. FAC. Who would you speake with, Sir?
KAS. The baudy Doctor, and the Cosening Captaine,
And *Pus* my Suster. LOV. This is something, sure!
FAC. Vpon my trust, the dores were neuer open, Sir.
KAS. I haue heard all their tricks, told me twice ouer,
By the fat Knight, and the leane Gentleman.
LOV. Here comes another. FAC. *Ananias* too?
And his *Pastor*? TRI. The dores are shut against vs.
ANA. Come forth, you Seed of Vipers, Sonnes of *Belial*,
Your wickednesse is broke forth: Abhomination
Is in the House. KAS. My Suster's there. ANA. The place,
It is become a Cage of vncleane birds.
KAS. I, I will fetch the Scauenger, and the Cunstable.
TRI. You shall doe well. ANA. Wee'll ioyne, to weede them out.
KAS. You will not come then? Punque, Deuise, my Suster?
ANA. Call her not Sister. She is a Harlot, verily.

KAS.

KAS. I'll raise the street. LOV. Good Gentlemen, a word.
ANA. *Sathan*, auoide, and hinder not our zeale.
LOV. The world's turn'd *Bet'lem*. FAC. These are all broke loose,
Out of *S. Katherines*, where they vse to keepe,
The better sort of Mad-folkes. NEI. 1. All these Persons
We saw goe in, and out here. NEI. 2. Yes, indeed Sir.
NEI. 3. These were the Parties. FAC. Peace, you Drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Please you, to giue me leaue
To touch the dore, I'll try and the Lock be chang'd.
LOV. It mazes me! FAC. Good faith, Sir, I beleeue,
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *Deceptio visus*.
Would I could get him away. DAP. Mr. Captaine. Mr. Doctor.
LOV. Who's that? FAC. (Our Clearke within, that I forgot) I know not, Sir.
DAP. For Gods sake, when will her *Grace* be at leasure? FAC. Ha!
Illusions, some spirit o'the ayre: (His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throte.) DAP. I am almost stifled —
(FAC. Would you were altogether.) LOV. 'Tis i'the house.
Ha! List. FAC. Beleeue it Sir, i'the ayre. LOV. Peace, you —
DAP. Mine Aunts *Grace* dos not vse me well. SVB. You Foole,
Peace, you'll marre all. FAC. Or you will else, you Rogue.
LOV. O, is it so? Then you conuerse with spirits.
Come Sir. No more o' your tricks, good *Ieremy*,
The truth, the shortest way. FAC. Dismisse this rabble, Sir.
What shall I doe? I am catch'd. LOV. Good Neighbours,
I thanke you all. You may depart. Come Sir,
You know that I am an indulgent Master:
And therefore conceale nothing. What's your med'cine,
To draw so many seuerall sorts of wild-foule?
FAC. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit.
But here's no place to talke on't i'the street.
Giue me but leaue, to make the best of my fortune,
And onely pardon me th' abuse of your House.
It's all I begge. I'll help you to a Widdow,
In recompence, that you shall gi' me thankes for,
Will make you seauen yeeres yonger, and a rich one.
'Tis but your putting on a *Spanish* Cloake,

I haue

I haue her within. You neede not feare the Houſe,
It was not viſited. Lov. But by me, who came
Sooner then you expected. Fac. It is true, Sir.
'Pray you forgiue me. Lov. Well: Let's ſee your Widdow.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 4.

SVBTLE. DAPPER. FACE. DOL.

HOw! ha' you eaten your gag? Dap. Yes faith, it crumbled
Away i' my mouth. Svb. You ha' ſpoil'd all then. Dap. No,
I hope my Aunt of *Faery* will forgiue me.
Svb. Your Aunt's a gracious Lady, but in truth
You were to blame. Dap. The fume did ouercome me,
And I did do't to ſtay my ſtomack. 'Pray you
So ſatisfie her *Grace*. Here comes the Captaine.
Fac. How now! Is his mouth downe? Svb. I, he has ſpoken!
Fac. (A poxe, I heard him, and you too.) Hee's vndone, then.
I haue beene faine to ſay, the Houſe is haunted
With Spirits, to keepe Churle back. Svb. And haſt thou done it?
Fac. Sure, for this night. Svb. Why then triumph, and ſing
Of *Face* ſo famous, the precious King
Of preſent wits. Fac. Did you not heare the coyle,
About the dore? Svb. Yes, and I dwindled with it.
Fac. Shew him his Aunt, and let him be diſpatch'd:
I'll ſend her to you. Svb. Well Sir, your Aunt her *Grace*,
Will giue you audience preſently, on my ſute,
And the Captaines word, that you did not eate your gag,
In any contempt of her *Highneſſe*. Dap. Not I, in troth, Sir.
Svb. Here ſhe is come. Downe o' your knees, and wriggle:
She has a ſtately preſence. Good. Yet nearer,
And bid *God ſaue her*. Dap. *Madame*. Svb. And your Aunt.
Dap. And my moſt *Gracious* Aunt, God ſaue your *Grace*.
Dol. Nephew, we thought to haue been angry, with you:
But that ſweet face of yours, hath turn'd the tide,
And made it flow with Ioy, that eb'd of Loue.
Ariſe, and touch our veluet Gowne. Svb. The Skirts,
And kiſſe 'hem. So. Dol. Let me now ſtroke that head.
Much, Nephew, ſhalt thou winne; much ſhalt thou ſpend;

Much ſhalt thou giue away, much ſhalt thou Lend.
SVB. I, much indeede. Why doe you not thanke her *Grace?*
DAP. I cannot ſpeake, for Ioy. SVB. See, the kinde wretch!
Your *Graces* kinſ-man right. DOL. Giue me the *Bird.*
Here is your *Flye* in a Purſe, about your neck, Coſen,
Weare it, and feede it, about this day ſeu'night,
On your right wriſt. SVB. Open a veyne, with a Pinne,
And let it ſuck but once a weeke. Till then,
You muſt not looke on't. DOL. No. And Kinſman,
Beare your ſelfe worthy of the blood you come on.
SVB. Her *Grace* would ha' you eate no more *Wool-ſack* pies,
Nor *Dagger* Frumenty. DOL. Nor breake his faſt,
In *Heauen*, and *Hell.* SVB. Shee's with you euery where.
Nor play with Coſter-mongers at *Mum-chance, Tray-trip,*
God make you rich (when as your Aunt has done it:) but keepe
The Gallant'ſt company, and the beſt Games. DAP. Yes, Sir.
SVB. *Gleeke* and *Primero*; and what you get be true to vs.
DAP. By this hand, I will. SVB. You may bring's a Thouſand pound,
Before to morrow night, (if but three Thouſand
Be ſtirring) if you will. DAP. I ſweare, I will then.
SVB. Your *Fly* will learne you all Games. FAC. Ha' you done there?
SVB. Your *Grace* will command him no more duties? DOL. No:
But come, and ſee me often. I may chance
To leaue him three or foure hundred Cheſts of Treaſure,
And ſome fiue thouſand Acres of *Faerie* Land:
If he Game well, and comely, with good Gamſters.
SVB. There's a kinde Aunt! Kiſſe her departing part.
But you muſt ſell your forty marke a yeare, now.
DAP. I, Sir, I meane. SVB. Or gi't away. A poxe on't.
FAC. Ile gi't mine Aunt. Ile goe and fetch the writings.
SVB. 'Tis well, away. FAC. Where's *Subtle?* SVB. Here. What newes?
FAC. *Drugger* is at the dore, goe take his ſuite,
And bid him fetch a Parſon preſently.
Say he ſhall marry the Widdow. Thou ſhalt ſpend
A hundred pound by the ſeruice. Now, *Queene Dol,*
Ha' you pack'd vp all? DOL. Yes. FAC. And how doe you like

The Lady *Plyant*? DOL. A good dull Innocent.
SVB. Here's your *Hieronimo's* cloake, and hat. FAC. Giue me 'hem.
SVB. And the Ruffe too? FAC. Yes, I'll come to you presently.
SVB. Now, he is gone about his proiect, *Dol*,
I told you of, for the Widdow. DOL. 'Tis direct
Against our Articles. SVB. Well, wee'll fit him, Wench.
Hast thou gull'd her of her Iewels, or her Bracelets?
DOL. No, but I will do't. SVB. Soone at night, my *Dolly*,
When we are shipt, and all our goods aboord,
East-ward for *Ratcliffe*, we will turne our course
To *Brainford*, Westward, if thou saist the word,
And take our leaues of this ore-weening Raskall,
This peremptory *Face*. DOL. Content. I am weary of him,
SVB. Thou'hast cause, when the Slaue will runne a wiuing, *Dol*,
Against the Instrument, that was drawne betweene vs.
DOL. I'll pluck his Bird as bare as I can. SVB. Yes, tell her,
She must by any meanes, addresse some present
To th'Cunning man, make him amends for wronging
His Art with her suspition, send a Ring,
Or chaine of Pearle, she will be tortur'd esse
Extreamely in her sleepe, say, and ha' strange things
Come to her, wilt thou? DOL. Yes. SVB. My fine Flitter-mouse,
My Bird o'the night; wee'll tickle it at the *Pigeons*,
When we haue all, and may vnlock the Trunks,
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and mine—
FAC. What now, a billing? SVB. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our Stock-affaires.
FAC. *Drugger* has brought his Parson, take him in, *Subtle*,
And send him back againe, to wash his face.
SVB. I will: and shaue himselfe? FAC. If you can get him.
DOL. You are hote vpon it *Face*, what ere it is.
FAC. A trick, that *Dol* shall spend ten pound a month by.
Is he gone? SVB. The Chaplaine waites you i'the hall, Sir.
FAC. I'll goe bestow him. DOL. Hee'll now marry her, instantly.
SVB. He cannot yet, he is not ready. Deare *Dol*,
Cosen her of all thou canst. To deceiue him
Is no deceipt, but Iustice; that would breake

Such an inextricable tye as ours was.
DOL. Let me alone to fit him. FAC. Come my Venturers.
You ha' pack'd vp all? Where be the Trunkes? Bring forth.
SVB. Here. FAC. Let's see 'hem. Where's the Money? SVB. Here,
In this. FAC. *Mammons* tenne pound: Eight score before.
The *Brethrens* mony, this. *Druggers* and *Dappers*.
What Paper's that? DOL. The Iewell of the waiting Maides,
That stole it from her Lady, to know certaine—
FAC. If she should haue precedence of her Mistresse? DOL. Yes.
FAC. What boxe is that? SVB. The Fish-wiues rings, I thinke.
And th' Alewiues single mony. Is't not *Dol*?
DOL. Yes; and the whistle, that the Saylors wife
Brought you, to know, and her Husband were with *Ward*.
FAC. Wee'll wet it to morrow: and our Siluer-beakers,
And Tauerne cups. Where be the *French* Peticoats,
And Girdles, and Hangers? SVB. Here, i' the Trunke,
And the Bolts of Lawne. FAC. Is *Druggers* Damaske, there?
And the *Tobacco*? SVB. Yes. FAC. Giue me the Keyes.
DOL. Why you the Keyes? SVB. No matter, *Dol*, because
We shall not open 'hem, before he comes.
FAC. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed,
Nor haue 'hem forth. Doe you see? Not forth, *Dol*. DOL. No?
FAC. No my Smock-rampant. The right is, my Master
Knowes all, has pardon'd me, and he will keepe 'hem.
Doctor 'tis true (you looke) for all your Figures.
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore good Partners,
Both He and She, be satisfied. For here
Determines the *Indenture tripartite*
Twixt *Subtle*, *Dol*, and *Face*. All I can doe
Is to helpe you ouer the wall, o' the backside;
Or lend you a sheet, to saue your Veluet Gowne, *Doll*.
Here will be Officers presently; bethinke you,
Of some course sodainly to scape the Dock,
For thether you'll come else. Harke you, Thunder.
SVB. You are a precious fiend! OFF. Open the dore.
FAC. *Dol*, I am sorry for thee i-faith. But hearst thou?
It shall goe hard, but I will place thee somewhere:

Thou ſhalt ha' my Letter to Mrs *Amo*. DOL. Hang you—
FAC. Or *Madame Imperiall*. DOL. Poxe vpon you, Rogue,
Would I had but time to beate thee. FAC. *Subtle*,
Let's know where you ſet vp next; I'll ſend you
A Cuſtomer, now and then, for old acquaintance:
What new courſe ha' you? SVB. Rogue, I'll hang my ſelfe
That I may walke a greater diuell, then thou,
And haunt thee i'the Flock-bed, and the Buttery.

ACT. 5. SCENE. 5.

LOVE-Wit. OFFICERS. MAMMON. SVRLY. FACE.
KASTRIL. ANANIAS. TRIBVLATION. DRVGGER.
Da: PLIANT.

WHat do you meane my Maſters? MAM. Open your Dore,
Cheaters, Baudes, Coniurers. OFF. Or wee'll breake it open.
LOV. What warrant haue you? OFF. Warrant inough, Sir, doubt not,
If you'll not open it. LOV. Is there an Officer, there?
OFF. Yes, two, or three for failing. LOV. Haue but patience,
And I will open it ſtraight. FAC. Sir, Ha' you done?
Is it a Marriage? perfect? LOV. Yes, my Braine?
FAC. Off with your Ruffe, and Cloake then, be your ſelfe, Sir.
SVR. Down with the dore. KAS. 'Slight, ding it open. LOV. Hold.
Hold Gentlemen, what meanes this violence?
MAM. Where is this Colliar? SVR. And my Captaine *Face*?
MAM. Theſe day-Owles. SVR. That are Birding in mens purſes.
MAM. Madame *Suppoſitory*. KAS. *Doxey*, my Suſter. ANA. Locuſts
Of the foule pit. TRI. Profane as *Bel*, and the *Dragon*.
ANA. Worſe then the Graſſe-hoppers, or the Lice of *Ægypt*.
LOV. Good Gentlemen, heare me. Are you Officers,
And cannot ſtay this violence? OFF. Keepe the peace.
LOV. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom doe you ſeeke?
MAM. The *Chymicall* Couſoner. SVR. And the Captaine *Pandar*.
KAS. The *Nun* my Suſter. MAM. Madame *Rabbi*. ANA. Scorpions,
And Caterpillers. LOV. Fewer at once, I pray you.
OFF. One after another, Gentlemen, I charge you,

By

By vertue of my ſtaffe — ANA. They are the veſſels
Of ſhame, and of diſhonour. LOV. Good zeale, lye ſtill,
A little while. TRI. Peace, Deacon *Ananias*.
LOV. The Houſe is mine here, and the dores are open:
If there be any ſuch perſons, as you ſeeke for,
Vſe your authoritie, ſearch on o' Gods name.
I am but newly come to towne, and finding
This tumult 'bout my dore (to tell you true)
It ſomewhat mazd me; till my Man, here, (fearing
My more diſpleaſure) told me had done
Somewhat an inſolent part, let out my houſe
(Belike, preſuming on my knowne auerſion
From any ayre o' the towne, while there was Sickneſſe)
To a Doctor, and a Captaine, who, what they are,
Or where they be, he knowes not. MAM. Are they gone?
LOV. You may goe in, and ſearch, Sir. Here, I finde
The empty Walls, worſe then I left them, ſmoak'd,
A few crack'd pots, and Glaſſes, and a Fornace,
The Seeling fill'd with *Toyſies* of the Candle:
And *Madame*, with a *Dildo*, writ o' the walles.
Onely one Gentlewoman, I met here,
That is within, that ſaid ſhe was a Widdow —
KAS. I that's my Suſter. I'll goe thumpe her. Where is ſhe?
LOV. And ſhould ha' married a *Spaniſh Count*, but he,
When he came to't, neglected her ſo groſſely,
That I, a Widdower, am gone through with her.
SVR. How! Haue I loſt her then? LOV. Were you the *Don*, Sir?
Good faith, now, ſhe do's blame yo' extreamely, and ſayes
You ſwore, and told her, you had tane the paines,
To dye your beard, and vmbre o'er your face,
Borrowed a Sute, and Ruffe, all for her Loue;
And then did nothing. What an ouer ſight,
And want of putting forward, Sir, was this!
Well fare an old Hargubuzier, yet,
Could prime his poulder, and giue fire, and hit,
All in a twinckling. MAM. The whole Neſt are fledde!
LOV. What ſort of Birds were they? MAM. A kinde of Choughes,

Or theeuiſh Dawes, Sir, that haue pickt my purſe
Of Eight-ſcore, and ten Pounds, within theſe fiue weekes,
Beſide my firſt *Materials*; and my Goods,
That lye i'the Cellar: which I am glad, they haue left,
I may haue home yet. Lov. Thinke you ſo Sir? Mam. I.
Lov. By order of Law, Sir, but not otherwiſe.
Mam. Not mine owne ſtuffe? Lov. Sir, I can take no knowledge,
That they are yours, but by publique meanes.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gull'd of 'hem,
Or any formall Writ, out of a *Court*,
That you did coſen your ſelfe; I will not hold them.
Mam. I'll rather looſe 'hem. Lov. That you ſhall not, Sir,
By me, in troth. Vpon theſe termes they' are yours.
What ſhould they ha' beene, Sir, turn'd into Gold all? Mam. No.
I cannot tell. It may be they ſhould. What then?
Lov. What a great loſſe in hope haue you ſuſtain'd?
Mam. Not I, the *Commonwealth* has. Fac. I, he would ha' built
The Citie new; and made a Ditch about it
Of Siluer, ſhould haue runne with Creame from *Hogsden*:
That, euery *Sunday* in *More-fields*, the Younkers,
And Tits, and Tom-boyes ſhould haue fed on *gratis*.
Mam. I will goe mount a Turnep-cart, and preach
The end o'the world within theſe two months. *Surly*,
What! in a Dreame? Svr. Muſt I needes cheat my ſelfe,
With that ſame fooliſh vice of Honeſty!
Come let vs goe, and hearken out the Rogues.
That *Face* I'll marke for mine, if ere I meete him.
Fac. If I can heare of him, Sir, I'll bring you word,
Vnto your lodging: for in troth, they were ſtrangers
To me, I thought 'hem honeſt, as my ſelfe, Sir.
Tri. 'Tis well, the *Saints* ſhall not looſe all yet. Goe,
And get ſome Carts — Lov. For what, my zealous Friends?
Ana. To beare away the portion of the Righteous,
Out of this denne of Theeues. Lov. What is that portion?
Ana. The goods, ſometimes the *Orphanes*, that the *Brethren*
Bought with their Siluer pence. Lov. What, thoſe i'the Cellar,
The Knight, Sir *Mammon* claimes? Ana. I doe defie

The wicked *Mammon*, ſo doe all the *Brethren*,
Thou prophane Man. I aske thee, with what conſcience
Thou canſt aduance that *Nemrod*, againſt vs,
That haue the ſeale? Were not the Shillings numbred,
That made the Pounds? were not the Pounds told out,
Vpon the ſecond day of the fourth weeke,
In the eight month, vpon the table dormant,
The yeare, of the laſt patience of the *Saints*,
Sixe hundred and tenne. LOV. Mine earneſt vehement Botcher,
And *Deacon* alſo, I cannot diſpute with you,
But, if you get you not away the ſooner,
I ſhall confute you, with a Cudgell. ANA. Sir.
TRI. Be patient *Ananias*. ANA. I am ſtrong,
And will ſtand vp, well girt, againſt an Hoſt,
That threaten *Gad* in exile. LOV. I ſhall ſend you
To *Amſtredam*, to your Cellar. ANA. I will pray there
Againſt thy Houſe: May Dogges defile thy walles,
And Waſpes and Hornets breed beneath thy roofe,
This ſeat of falſehood, and this caue of cos'nage.
LOV. Another too? DRV. Not I Sir, I am no *Brother*.
LOV. Away you *Harry Nicholas*, doe you talke?
FAC. No this was *Abel Drugger*. Good Sir, goe.
And ſatisfie him; tell him, all is done:
He ſtay'd too long a waſhing of his face.
The Doctor, he ſhall heare of him at *Weſtcheſter*:
And of the Captaine, tell him at *Yarmouth*, or
Some good *Port*-towne elſe, lying for a winde.
If you can get off the Angry Child now, Sir —
KAS. Come on, you Yew, you haue match'd moſt ſweetly, ha' you not?
Did not I ſay, I would neuer ha' you tupt
But by a dub'd Boy, to make you a Lady-Tom?
'Slight, you are a Mammet! O, I could touſe you, now.
Death, mun' you marry with a poxe? LOV. You lye, Boy;
As ſound as you: and I am afore-hand with you. KAS. Anone?
LOV. Come, will you quarrell? I will ſeize you, ſirrah.
Why doe you not buckle to your tooles? KAS. Gods light!
This is a fine Old Boy, as ere I ſaw!

LOV.

Lov. What doe you change your coppy now? Proceede,
Here ſtands my Doue: ſtoope at her, if you dare.
Kas. 'Slight I muſt loue him: I cannot chooſe i-faith,
And I ſhould be hang'd for't. Sulter, I proteſt
I honour thee, for this match. Lov. O doe you ſo, Sir.
Kas. Yes, and thou canſt take *Tobacco*, and drinke, Old Boy,
I'll giue her fiue hundred pound more, to her Marriage,
Then her owne State. Lov. Fill a pipe-full, *Ieremie*.
Fac. Yes, but goe in, and take it, Sir. Lov. We will.
I will be rul'd by thee in any thing, *Ieremy*.
Kas. 'Slight, thou art not Hide-bound, thou art a *Iouy* Boy!
Come let's in pray thee, and take our *Whiffes*.
Lov. Whiffe in with your Siſter, brother Boy. That Maſter
That had receiu'd ſuch happineſſe by a Seruant,
In ſuch a Widdow, and with ſo much wealth,
Were very vngratefull, if he would not be
A little indulgent to that Seruants wit,
And help his fortune, though with ſome ſmall ſtraine
Of his owne candor. Therefore Gentlemen,
And kinde Spectators, if I haue out ſtript
An old mans grauitie, or ſtrict canon, thinke
What a yong Wife, and a good Brayne may doe:
Stretch Ages truth ſometimes, and crack it too.
Speake for thy ſelfe, Knaue. Fac. So I wil Sir. Gentlemen,
My Part a little fell in this laſt *Scene*,
Yet 'twas *decorum*. And though I am cleane
Got off, from *Subtle*, *Surly*, *Mammon*, *Dol*,
Hot *Ananias*, *Dapper*, *Drugger*, all
With whom I traded; yet I put my ſelfe
On you, that are my Country: And this Pelfe,
Which I haue got, if you doe quit me, reſts
To feaſt you often, and inuite new gheſts.

The end.